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THE GOLDEN DEED BOOK

The Golden Rule Series

I THE GOLDEN LADDER BOOK

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THE GOLDEN RULE SERIES

THE GOLDEN DEED BOOK

A SCHOOL READER

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PREFACE

THIS Series of books embodies a graded system of moral instruction. The method of instruction involved in the Scheme is the indirect method. It introduces the pupil, in a concrete and interesting manner, to the subject matter of morals, by means of fairy tale, myth, fable, allegory, parable, legend, stories of real life, of heroes and heroines, biography, and historical incident. This method was adopted in preference to the more formal, direct, and didactic methods, because of an induction based on a *questionnaire* circulated among the teachers of ten cities, nearly ninety-five per cent of whom favored the indirect method. This induction is supported, also, by investigations relating to the moral nature in the field of child psychology, and the psychology of the first years of adolescence.

In composition, selection, and arrangement of material, attention has been given to the laws

established by scientific pedagogy relating to the unfolding of the fundamental interests of children.

The contents of the Readers have been selected from the best literary sources. Both ancient and modern classics have been largely drawn upon, especial attention having been given, not only to the ethical content, but also to the literary and engaging qualities of the material selected. The Series includes, also, a number of original stories and much re-written matter. Everything contained in the Readers has been carefully adapted to the requirements of the respective grades — the selections having been subjected to a practical test in the schools of New York. Method, material, grading, form, vocabulary, interest, etc., have been made the subject of actual experiment. The aim has been to produce a series of books that will accomplish all the ends of literary Readers, and at the same time will embody a graded system of moral instruction.

No especial pedagogical method is required of the teacher in using these books. The same method of questioning that obtains in the use of other Readers may be adopted in the use of the ethical Readers. If, in the teacher's judgment,

the pupil fails to apprehend the real moral content of the story or poem, the teacher can easily lead up to it by tactful questioning, but she should be especially careful to avoid the direct method. It is eminently desirable that the pupil should do his own moralizing, hence the teacher should not try to exhort or preach.

The Series, as thus constructed, is the only one of its kind. Books for moral instruction used by the French, the Japanese, the English, as well as in our own country, employ either the direct method, or a combination of the direct and indirect methods, and the English and American books contain much religious material. This Series must, therefore, be regarded as the first and only contribution of its character made to moral education. It is earnestly hoped that the Readers may satisfy the almost universal demand for systematic graded instruction in morals in the schools.

This particular book, designed for pupils approximately of the eighth grade, embodies all the fundamental features of the Series. It deals with the virtues and vices peculiar to children of this age. The material has been prepared with the

utmost care. Very naturally in a Reader for pupils of this grade the emphasis is laid on the virtues of the broader social and political life and on those of the economic or vocational life. It is, of course, vitally important that the moral of each lesson should be apprehended by every pupil in the class. To this end, in each instance, after the story has been read by the class, it might be told by one or two of its members, and the moral brought out by judicious questioning. Too much emphasis, however, cannot be laid on the fact that direct exhortation should be avoided. The teacher should question the pupil, just as she would on any other story, to determine to her own satisfaction whether he has fully grasped its meaning. By this method, the pupil will be led to do his own moralizing, which is much more effective than exhortation by the teacher.

In this last volume of the Series, the editors have slightly deviated from the method used in previous volumes. As the child merges into youth, he is more or less susceptible to the direct method, consequently several selections which may be found in this volume partake more of the direct than of the indirect method.

We are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below to use the following selections: "The Hog Family," from *Other Essays from the Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis (Harper and Brothers); "Captain Scott," from • *Thomas A. Scott—Master Diver*, by F. Hopkinson Smith (American Unitarian Association); "The Man with the Hoe," from *The Man with the Hoe and Other Poems*, by Edwin Markham, "George Washington," from *Heroes Every Child Should Know*, adapted by H. W. Mabie, "Order in the House," from *By the Fireside*, by Charles Wagner (Doubleday, Page and Company); "Thomas Alva Edison," from *The Young Folks Library*, by E. C. Kenyon (Hall and Locke Company): "Napoleon," from *The Book of Princes and Princesses*, by Mrs. Lang (Longmans, Green, and Company); "Altars of Remembrance," from *Fisherman's Luck*, by Henry Van Dyke (Charles Scribner's Sons); "Habit," from *Principles of Psychology*, by William James (Henry Holt and Company); "The Loss of the Ocean's Pride," from *The Harvest of the Sea*, by Wilfred T. Grenfell (Fleming H. Revell Company).

We are indebted to Mr. John Burroughs for

permission to use his article, "A Glance Backward."

The editors desire also to acknowledge the valuable assistance of Miss Ethel M. Gower, not only in the preparation of this volume, but also in the preparation of the entire *Golden Rule Series*. •

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THE GOLDEN DEED BOOK

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THE LOSS OF THE *OCEAN'S PRIDE*

I HAD grown into a good strong lad, and having from infancy had to fight all my own battles, I was able now to hold my own pretty well with any one. Well it was for me that it was so. For now I was to sail on a ship where I was to be with a drunken skipper, fearless alike of God or man. The life at sea had been, so far, the best that I had known, for at least I had always had enough to eat and drink. Though I know now what dangers I was passing through, I did not then regret having been sent to the fisheries.

I shipped this time as "fourth hand." The vessel's name was the *Ocean's Pride*. The cook, like myself, was a town waif sent to the fisheries as an apprentice. The skipper had once been admiral of our fleet, but had been turned out by the owners for

the losses that some of his drunken escapades had caused them. On one occasion he had sailed his fleet in under the little island of Heligoland. The set of men that were always aboard him at sea went ashore to get liquor. The island had no end of opportunities for getting what they wanted. Soon, however, their senses and their money began to leave them, and the islanders wanted to get rid of them. It was no easy task, however. For as soon as they tried it, the men showed fight, and very soon had the whole island at their mercy. They did what they liked then with the saloons, wallowing in drink for the next two days; then we all cleared off to sea again. After that, only the crew of a single fishing vessel was allowed to land at one time. The admiral's last spree was to take the whole fleet right into the territorial waters under the coast of Holland, so that his gang again might go ashore and get grog. Not only were some of the vessels seized and towed into port for fishing in illegal waters, but some of the skippers stayed so long ashore that their mates went

off and took their vessels home, leaving the skippers to get home as best they could, by passenger steamers or otherwise.

I need not say that all on board the smack were afraid of the "skipper," and his cruelty to the little cook, Charlie, was such that on our first time home just as we were getting to sea again, we found he had bolted and was nowhere to be found. His work fell on my shoulders, and though I did my best to give no cause for angering the skipper, many a blow and many a bucket of cold water were my portion before I turned in at night. Several times he made me stay on deck all night, when it was my time to be turned in; and that made him all the crankier the next day, because I was then unfit to do my work. When the voyage was up, and we reached home, we found that his master had had Charlie sent to prison for breaking the apprenticeship laws, and when we next went to sea, the poor lad was led down and put on board, so that he had no chance to escape. As for me, I should have escaped too, only I knew it was no good. I was half afraid the skipper

meant to kill Charlie, and I had some sort of hope that I might be of use to him. It was no good going and telling our master about it; he would only have told the skipper, for he never would listen to anything against his skippers, so long as they did well with fish. And our skipper was at least a good fisherman in that respect, for he would carry a whole sail when all the rest of the fleet had two reefs down, and so he managed to drag his net faster and further, perhaps. Anyhow, there was nothing to say in that respect, as we made "good voyages."

The lust for money is as cruel as the craving for drink. One of the owners, I was told, actually threatened to sack his skipper, because he broke his fishing voyage to bring home a crew of unfortunate Dutchmen that he had taken off a sinking schooner. There was a time, in Grimsby, when the prentice lads in the winter months spent more time in jail for deserting than they did at sea.

When we left, the skipper came aboard drunk, with a "list apart," a thing we used

to think meant bad luck. Once aboard, both the skipper and mate went below, and left us three youngsters to manage as best we could. After three days, during which we had not seen either of them on deck, we fell in with our fleet, and we had to go below and tell them so. Their liquor was gone now, and all they thought of was, "Is there a grog ship with them?"

In those days there was always a vessel, or perhaps more than one, with every large fleet, selling liquor. She did no fishing, but just bought -- or stole -- everything she could, in return for fiery schnapps or adulterated brandies. The vessels were called "copers." We called them "hells," and their liquor "chained lightning." They generally sailed from some port across the North Sea, where alcoholic liquors and tobacco are cheap.

The scenes that used to take place on the grog ships are better imagined than described. Those that frequented them used to act more like devils than men to one another and to us boys. Thus I remember Skipper Wakeman coming by his

death. A number of the men were making an all-night spree of it, and some time before morning fell to quarreling amongst themselves. One of them seized the lamp swinging in the coper's cabin and hurled it at Wakeman. The lamp broke, and the paraffin soaked into his woolen jersey, and in an instant he was a mass of flames. In his agony he rushed up the cabin stairs. For one moment he danced about on deck — an awful sight that none that saw it will ever forget; then, rushing to the side, he flung himself into the water. I need hardly say none of his companions was in a condition to try and save him. And so the poor fellow went out into Eternity. In some such way many a good man lost his life in my early days.

Hateful as these ships were to me, however, I was eager enough to see one now, for both skipper and mate would at least be off board for a short while, and Charlie and I could forget our miseries.

The fleet was fishing at this time on the rising ground near the coast of Denmark. They were all doing well, and there was no

lack of grog vessels about, so we soon saw the backs of our chief officers. The mate came aboard next day, and did not leave us again, for without him we could not have handled the ship and done the fishing. But the skipper we hardly saw again for a fortnight, except when he came off to get some fish to sell for grog, or later when he sold our spare gear, some of the sails, and a quantity of the ship's provisions. He couldn't possibly have drunk all he paid for, but he was in a half-dazed condition all the time, and I don't think he knew just what he was doing.

One day, at sundown, we saw a smack's boat adrift on the ocean, apparently with no one in her, so we bore down to pick her up. Picture our surprise when we found our own skipper stretched out in the bottom in a drunken sleep! When he came to himself, next day, he found he had been dumped in and cut adrift, as there was nothing more to be got out of him.

The question now was what to do with our vessel. We must go home for fresh supplies, or get them from our comrades in

other vessels. The first the skipper did not dare to do, for fear of arrest; the second he was either too proud to do, or too maddened to think of, for there is no doubt he would have got all he wanted. But in his disordered state of mind all he thought of was to lose the ship, and he swore, over and over again, that she should never more see Great Grimsby.

We took no more notice of this than we did of any other of his drunken oaths. But the same night, when the admiral signaled to shoot the nets, the skipper put the helm hard up, and we left the fleet with a fair wind for home. It was late the following night when the skipper himself was at the wheel, and had let all hands go below, that we were almost thrown out of our bunks by the smack suddenly running up on a reef. Breaking seas hit the vessel as she lay, driving her up farther and farther on the rocks, and we soon saw that she must go to pieces. The skipper was like a fiend, yelling and shouting in delirious joy. But his mad triumph was short-lived, for a curling sea coming in over the

rail swept him overboard, and his laughter was lost in the noise of the sea and the darkness. All the sailor qualities of the mate now came into play. He made us lash spars together to form a raft, himself directing matters as if he had been in the dock at home.

Right above us towered the gleaming light that marked the reef, which we now knew to be Borkum Reef, off the north coast of Holland. In spite of the furious seas, the stout old *Ocean's Pride* held together long enough to let us finish our work, and then we were all lashed on. By God's mercy our lives were thus spared, and the drink demon cheated of further victims.

We were sent home by the British consul as "shipwrecked mariners." But the story leaked out in time to save the owner from claiming the insurance, the skipper having long been hall-marked as unfit to trust a vessel to. Thus poor Charlie was saved from his tormentor, and was partly avenged on a money-blinded master.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL. *Abridged.* *

From "The Harvest of the Sea," by Wilfred T. Grenfell. Copyright, 1905, by Fleming H. Revell Company.

A BARD'S EPITAPH

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
 Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
 O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave;
Here pause — and, thro' the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,

And softer flame ;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend ! whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit ;
Know prudent cautious self-control
Is wisdom's root.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE

As tobacco is a narcotic, the pleasant sensations it gives to the practiced smoker are due to the benumbing influence it has upon the nerves. This means that the nerves lose some of their power and cannot therefore do their work so well.

Dr. Carver, an American rifle shot, created a great sensation in England by his marvelous quickness and accuracy in shooting. He would take a handful of glass marbles, throw them up into the air, and then shoot and smash each one before any of them

reached the ground. This required the utmost quickness of eye and sureness of touch—in a word, his nerves had to be kept in a high state of efficiency. To continue his feats he found it necessary to abstain altogether from tobacco as well as from alcohol. Athletes preparing for serious competitions find it necessary to leave tobacco alone. In deadening the power of the nerves it looses the muscles from the full control of the man himself, and prevents him from calling on his muscles for their highest effort at the crisis of the race or game.

If this is true of the full-grown and well-developed athlete, what of the growing and undeveloped boy? It means in the boy's case that the nerves and brain are hindered in their growing; and if the habit is persisted in, he will become mentally dwarfed. Men distinguished for their brain power have been smokers, but in almost every case the habit was formed *after* reaching manhood, sometimes not till middle life; and while smoking cannot be called a good habit for any one, there is all the difference

in the world between the smoking man and the smoking boy.

Tobacco has also an injurious effect on the blood: it makes the blood thinner and weaker. Notice the boys who smoke much: how pale and weedy they seem; how bloodless their faces are; how disinclined they are for real fun and hearty play! Whenever anything reduces the vitality of the blood the general vigor of the body is (at once) lowered.

Tobacco has a bad effect upon the heart in two ways: first by narcotizing the nerves of the heart some control is lost, and the heart beats faster; then by the effect on the blood, tobacco makes the heart soft and flabby. Excessive tobacco smoking produces in some men what is called the "smoker's heart"; in boys this evil is greatly increased, and many are injured for life.

The effects of tobacco on the stomach are generally the first experience that the ordinary boy has of it, and tobacco is responsible for severe forms of indigestion. The boy who constantly indulges in cigar-

ettes, even if he escapes the more terrible consequences of the practice, is only too likely to lay up for himself a manhood cursed with indigestion—and a more miserable condition it would be difficult to imagine.

Another result is the injury to eyesight. Perhaps the commonest question put by an oculist to a man who consults him is: How much do you smoke? In affecting the nerves tobacco affects all the senses, but it seems to have a peculiar dislike for the eyes.

WILLIAM FINNEMORE.

OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of
stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the
sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose
frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold com-
mand,

Tell that its sculptor well those passions
read

Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
things,

The hand that mocked them, and the heart
that fed :

And on the pedestal these words appear :

‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :

Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !’

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay

Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare

The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

ONE afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious

that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes, or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position

as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, "if I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear

mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet,

unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated

from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born.

Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great

man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side.

But when the old man came, Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of his sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul.

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great

deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting.

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he

labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it.

But now, again, there were reports, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, too, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest.

“Here he is, now!” cried those who stood near Ernest. “Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of

the Mountain?" But Ernest turned away, melancholy and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments.

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. Ernest was an aged man and had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. His guests went their way; and, passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley. The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He

read them, after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door. And as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O, majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. He inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his

hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, — for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"You hoped," said the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me, in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants, in the open air. He and the

poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the

people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked, and saw that

what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. *Abridged.*

PROSPICE

FEAR death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible
form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit
attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon
be gained,

The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter. so -- one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,
and forebore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like
my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's
arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the
brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend voices that
rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out
of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee
again,
And with God be the rest!

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE PARROT

Now it came to pass that the Buddha was re-born in the shape of a Parrot, and he greatly excelled all other parrots in his strength and beauty. And when he was full grown, his father, who had long been the leader of the flock in their flights to other climes, said to him: "My son, behold my strength is spent! Do thou lead the flock, for I am no longer able." And the Buddha said: "Behold, thou shalt rest. I will lead the birds." And the Parrots rejoiced in the strength of their new leader, and willingly did they follow him. Now from that on, the Buddha undertook to feed his parents, and would not consent that they should do any more work. Each day he led his flock to the Himalaya Hills, and when he had eaten his fill of the clumps of rice that grew there, he filled his beak with food for the dear parents who were waiting his return.

Now there was a man appointed to watch the rice fields, and he did his best to drive

the Parrots away, but there seemed to be some secret power in the leader of this flock which the Keeper could not overcome.

He noticed that the Parrots ate their fill and then flew away, but that the Parrot-King not only satisfied his hunger, but carried away rice in his beak.

Now he feared that there would be no rice left, and he went to his master, the Brahmin, to tell him what had happened; and even as the master listened there came to him the thought that the Parrot-King was something higher than he seemed, and he loved him even before he saw him. But he said nothing of this, and only warned the Keeper that he should set a snare and catch the dangerous bird. So the man did as he was bidden: he made a small cage and set the snare, and sat down in his hut, waiting for the birds to come. And soon he saw the Parrot-King amidst his flock, who, because he had no greed, sought no richer spot, but flew down to the same place in which he had fed the day before.

Now, no sooner had he touched the ground than he felt his feet caught in the noose.

Then fear crept into his bird heart, but a stronger feeling was there to crush it down, for he thought: "If I cry out the Cry of the Captured, my Kinsfolk will be terrified, and they will fly away foodless. But if I lie still, then their hunger will be satisfied, and they may safely come to my aid." Thus was the Parrot both brave and prudent.

But alas! he did not know that his Kinsfolk had nought of his brave spirit. When *they* had eaten their fill, though they heard the thrice-uttered Cry of the Captured, they flew away, nor heeded the sad plight of their leader.

Then was the heart of the Parrot-King sore within him, and he said: "All these my kith and kin, and not one to look back on me! Alas! what sin have I committed?"

The Watchman now heard the cry of the Parrot-King and the sound of the other Parrots flying through the air. "What is that?" he cried, and, leaving his hut, he came to the place where he had laid the snare. There he found the captive Parrot; he tied his feet together and brought him to the Brahmin, his master. Now, when

the Brahmin saw the Parrot-King, he felt his strong power, and his heart was full of love to him, but he hid his feelings and said in a voice of anger: "Is thy greed greater than that of all other birds? They eat their fill, but thou takest away each day more food than thou canst eat. Dost thou this out of hatred for me, or dost thou store up the food in some granary for selfish greed?"

And the Great Being made answer in a sweet human voice: "I hate thee not, O Brahmin. Nor do I store the rice in a granary for selfish greed. But this thing I do. Each day I pay a debt that is due, each day I grant a loan, and each day I store up a treasure."

Now the Brahmin could not understand the words of the Buddha (because true wisdom had not entered his heart), and he said: "I pray thee, O Wondrous Bird, to make these words clear unto me."

And then the Parrot-King made answer: "I carry food to my ancient parents, who can no longer seek that food for themselves; thus I pay my daily debt. I carry food to



"The Parrot-King made answer : ' I carry food to my ancient
parents.' "

my callow chicks, whose wings are yet un-grown. When I am old they will care for me — this my loan to them. And for other birds, weak and helpless of wing, who need the aid of the strong, for them I lay up a store; to these I give in charity."

Then was the Brahmin much moved, and showed the love that was in his heart. "Eat thy fill, O Righteous Bird, and let thy Kinsfolk eat too, for thy sake." And he wished to bestow a thousand acres of land upon him, but the Great Being would only take a tiny portion around which were set boundary stones.

And the Parrot returned with a head of rice, and said: "Arise, dear Parents, that I may take you to a place of plenty." And he told them the story of his deliverance.

Retold from "The Jātaka."

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;

Down and away below!

Now my brothers call from the bay,

Now the great winds shoreward blow,

Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go —
Call once yet !
In a voice that she will know :
“ Margaret ! Margaret ! ”
Children’s voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother’s ear ;
Children’s voices, wild with pain —
Surely she will come again !
Call her once and come away ;
This way, this way !
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;
Call no more !
One last look at the white-wall’d town,
And the little gray church on the windy
shore ;

Then come down !

She will not come though you call all day ;
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;
Where the sea snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world forever and aye ?

When did music come this way ?

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,

On a red-gold throne in the heart of
the sea,

And the youngest sate on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended
it well,

When down swung the sound of a far-off bell,
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear
green sea ;

She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter time in the world — ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman ! here
with thee."

I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the
waves ;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind
sea caves ! "

She smiled, she went up through the surf
in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?

" The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan ;

Long prayers," I said, " in the world they
say ;

Come!" I said; and we rose through the
surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea stocks bloom, to the white-
wall'd town;

Through the narrow paved streets, where
all was still,

To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at
their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing
airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones
worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the
small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are
here!

Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones
moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the
door.

Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming
town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with
its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy
well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the
sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mer-
maiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: " Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell forever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,

When spring tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hillside —
And then come back down.
Singing : " There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NAPOLEON

If you look out of your window in a clear dawn on the French Riviera, you may, if you are fortunate, see, far away to the south, a faint mountain range hanging on the sea, and if you do see it, it is a sight so beauti-

ful that you will never forget it. The mountain range belongs to Corsica, and under its shadow was born the most wonderful man the world has ever seen—Napoleon.

In the year 1769 two babies were born in widely distant places, both destined to spend the best years of their lives in a life and death struggle with each other. The birthday of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was on May 1, and his home was an Irish castle; while Napoleon Buonaparte saw the light in a small house in the little town of Ajaccio, in Corsica.

The life led by both boys and girls in Corsica made them grow old early, and Charles Buonaparte, Napoleon's father, married at eighteen the beautiful Lætitia Ramolino, four years younger than himself. Charles had studied law in the University of Pisa, and, unlike his fellow-countrymen, was able to talk French, so that his friends looked up to him with awe, and often consulted him about their affairs, which greatly pleased him, as he loved to think himself a person of importance. He was both rest-

less and ambitious, and in the disturbed state of the island he saw his chance for advancement. The Corsicans had lately risen against the rule of Genoa, under the leadership of Paoli, who wished to form a Republic. But his party was not powerful enough of itself to drive out the Genoese, so Paoli sent over to Paris to beg the help of France. It is curious that his common sense did not tell him what would be the consequence of this step. The French arrived, and by their aid the islanders got the upper hand, but when the Genoese had sailed away the newcomers refused to follow their example. Charles Buonaparte had at first been one of the strongest partisans of Paoli, but he was not proof against the offer of the title of "Conseiller du Roi," and of some small legal appointments that were given him by the French governor. He forsook his former leader and took service with the French. Henceforward he was no longer "Buonaparte," after the Italian manner, but "Bonaparte."

So Napoleon, who was born a few months after this event, was a Frenchman. He

was the fourth child of his parents, but only Joseph, a year older than himself, was living; and though by and by Napoleon completely ruled his brother, for a long while the two stood apart from the other children. The others who lived were all much younger, Lucien, the next, being born in 1775. Madame Bonaparte was so much occupied after Napoleon's birth with trying to put things straight which had been upset by the war that she was forced to get a nurse for him. This woman, Camilla Ilari, was the wife of a man who picked up a living on the seashore, and all her life was devoted to her nursling, whom she always addressed as "my son."

Napoleon, on his part, fully returned her affection, and was never too great or too busy to give her proofs of it. Thirty-five years later, when the world was at his feet, she sent to say that she wished to be present at his coronation in Notre Dame. "There is no one who will be more welcome," was his reply, and when she had made the journey and braved the perils of the sea, and weary days of travel that seem

so strange and so long when you do not understand a word of what is being said around you—when all this was over, and the Tuileries was reached, she found Ménéval, the Emperor's own secretary, awaiting her, saying that he was to place himself at her orders, and to show her everything she wished to see. Oh, how happy that old woman was, and what stories she had to tell when she got back to Corsica! She had long talks with "Madame Mère," as the Emperor's mother was now called, and with all her children, one by one. Even Marianna—or Elise, to give her the new name she thought more elegant—and Caroline, the youngest, forgot for a few minutes how grand they had become, and laughed as Camilla reminded them of the old days and the scoldings she had given them, while Paulette, who gave herself no airs, but only wanted admiration and petting, asked fifty questions all at once, and never waited for the answers!

Of course, Camilla had no intention of going home without seeing the wife of "mon fils," and Napoleon's wife, Josephine, sent

for her to come into her rooms, and, though she could not make out a word that Camilla said, smiled and nodded in reply, and presented her with two beautiful diamonds.

Like Corsican ladies, Lætitia Bonaparte knew nothing of books, probably not even as much as her friend, the mother of Madame Junot, who had read only one in her whole life, and that was the "Adventures of Télémaque," which perhaps accounts for her never wishing to read another! She wrote very badly, and could not speak even her own language, which was Italian, without making many mistakes, and in this Napoleon resembled her. In spite of all his wars, of his reading, of the people he came in contact with, he never succeeded in learning either German or English, and was forced to speak Spanish through an interpreter.

It was this inability to "pick up" languages that made him feel so dreadfully lonely when, in 1778, he and Joseph were taken by their father to France, and placed at school at Autun. Neither of them knew a word of French, but Joseph soon man-

aged to learn enough to make himself understood, while Napoleon was tongue-tied. For five months they were left together, and then the younger boy, who was nine, was removed to the great military school of Brienne, in Champagne, for which the King had given his father a nomination. Poor little boy! he had no one to whom he could speak, and hated games unless they had to do with soldiers. His schoolfellows did not like him, and thought him sulky because he spent most of his time by himself. Occasionally he wrote home, but letters to Corsica cost nineteen sous apiece, and he knew that there was not much money to spare for postage.

One winter it was very cold, and snow fell heavily in Champagne. In England it would have been welcomed heartily by the boys, who would have spent hours in snow-balling each other; but the masters at Brienne never thought of this, and gave orders that exercise was to be taken in the big hall of the college. Now the hall, which only had a fire at one end, looked very dreary, and nobody felt inclined to play.

The older boys stood around the chimney, and the younger ones peered disconsolately out of the windows, hoping in vain to catch a glimpse of blue sky. Suddenly, young Bonaparte left the fireplace where he had been leaning, and touched his friend Bourrienne on the shoulder.

"I am not going to stay here," he said. "Let us go and make a snow castle, and besiege it. Who will come?"

"I" and "I" and "I," they all shouted, and in a moment they were all gathered round Napoleon in the courtyard, begging him to tell them what to do.

"Get as many shovels as you can find in the tool house, and we will make a castle," he answered. "A proper castle with a keep, and a donjon and battlements. Then we must dig some trenches for cover. When we have finished we must garrison the castle, and I will lead the attacking party." Unfortunately, the spades and shovels left by the gardeners only numbered about one to every fifteen or twenty boys, so they had to take them in turns, the others using any tools that they could find, or even their

own hands. All the afternoon they worked without a moment's pause, and at sunset, just before the bell for lessons sounded, the castle was finished. That night when the lights were put out in their cold dormitory, they asked each other anxiously, before they went to sleep, whether they were quite sure that it did not feel any warmer. It would be dreadful to wake up and to find that their beautiful castle had crumbled away! Never before had there been so little difficulty in getting out of bed as when the boys woke up the next morning. No, it was certainly not warmer; in fact, it was a good deal colder, and their fingers were so frozen that they could hardly fasten the buttons of their uniforms, but their faces were rosy and smiling as they trooped down the stairs. At the classes they were more attentive than usual, and no pranks were played; nothing must be done that could earn them a punishment, or risk their being deprived of that glorious sport. So when the hour of recreation came, the whole school filled the courtyard.

It was wonderful, if any one had cared to

notice, what a change had taken place in the feelings of the boys towards the gloomy, masterful youth who stood apart, and was disliked and shunned by the rest. Now it was to him that they looked for orders, and a word from him made them glow with pleasure. For fourteen happy days the siege went on, sometimes one party getting the better and sometimes the other, the faults on both sides being pointed out clearly by Bonaparte himself. At the end of that time the snow had wasted, and the snowballs had a way of getting mixed with the small stones of the courtyard, so that the wounds were no longer imaginary. Then the principal of the college stepped in, and commanded the fort to be dismantled.

After this the young cadets looked on Napoleon with different eyes. As to the professors, they had long ago made up their minds about him, and their opinion agreed in most points with that of M. de Kéralio, who came to inspect the school in 1784. The inspector found that he was backward in Latin, in all foreign languages, and want-

ing in grace of manner, but that he was distinguished in mathematics, and fond of geography and history, especially of Plutarch. In conduct he was obedient and well behaved, except when his temper got the better of him. In fact, they thought that he would make an excellent sailor! But Napoleon did not make a sailor; indeed, except on his voyages to Corsica, Egypt, and St. Helena, he never went to sea. Instead, one day he climbed to the top of a heavy lumbering old coach, and traveled slowly to the great military school in Paris, to which he had a nomination as "King's Cadet."

Stern and solitary, yet outspoken when he was strongly moved, Napoleon was no more a favorite in Paris than he had been at Brienne, yet the cadets, as well as the greater number of the professors, felt that in some way or other he stood apart. The director of studies, Valfort, was struck by the weighty words and keen insight of this boy of sixteen when he thought it worth his while to speak, which was not often. "His style is granite melted in a volcano," says the professor of grammar about his

exercises, and the phrase may be applied to his lifelong character. M. de l'Esguille, on reading his historical essays on Plutarch, Cæsar, Rousseau, Tacitus, Voltaire, and a score of other famous writers, declared that he had a great future before him, if he was helped by circumstances — perhaps not seeing that men like Napoleon fashion their circumstances for themselves. “He is the best mathematician in the school,” replies a student to a question of his German professor, driven to despair by the dense stupidity of Napoleon over the language; for, as we have said, neither then nor later could he ever make himself understood in any foreign tongue; neither could he learn to dance, although he took lessons. But when he was not at his classes, or engaged in working for them, the boy might have been found in the great library, forgetful of cold or hunger, poring over the histories of the past. It may have been there that he first dreamed the dream of his life — that some day he too, like Alexander, would march across the desert at the head of an army, and, entering India on the back of an ele-

phant, would restore the broken French Empire in the East.

It was the custom of the cadets to remain for three or even four years in the *École Militaire*, but Napoleon had only been there ten months before he passed for the artillery, and was given a commission in the regiment of *La Fère*, then quartered in the town of Valence, with pay amounting to £45 a year. He left Paris at the end of October, the only Corsican who had ever been admitted to the great military school; and, accompanied by his friend, Des Mazis, arrived at Valence on one of the early days of November. Here lodgings had been found for him in the house of a certain Madame Bou, who looked after him and made him comfortable. The pale, sad-looking youth was grateful for her kindness, and fifteen years later, when he passed through the town on his way from Egypt, he sent a message that he wished to see her, and gave her a beautiful Indian shawl that a queen might have envied, and a silver compass that may still be seen in the Museum at Valence.

Having once satisfied his colonel as to his knowledge of drill, Napoleon applied for leave in order to see after the affairs of his family in Corsica. Charles Bonaparte had died in France of a most painful illness about six months earlier, and had left behind him many debts, not large in themselves, but more than Lætitia could pay, and Joseph, who had been with his father, does not seem to have been able to help her. So in September, shortly after his seventeenth birthday, Napoleon crossed the sea once more, and remained in Corsica, with only a short interval, till 1788. He found many changes in the home that he had left eight years before: Louis, who had then been a tiny baby, was now a big boy, and there were besides Paoletta, Nunziata (afterwards known as Caroline), and Jerome, the youngest of them all. Joseph was still his friend and companion, with whom everything was discussed, for their mother had become poorer than ever, and was obliged to look closely after everything, and it was no easy matter to provide such a family with food. She was heartily glad to see

her son again, though like a true Corsican she said little about it; but was a little disappointed that he had almost forgotten his Italian, and had become, in every one's opinion "so very Frenchified." How the cadets of the *École Militaire* would have laughed if they had heard it! Bonaparté, who could never learn to dance, or to bow, or to turn a graceful compliment! But though Joseph was perhaps pleasanter, and more popular, and made more friends, there was something about Napoleon that gave his mother rest. She felt that whatever he undertook would be done, and done thoroughly.

It seems strange that Napoleon should have been allowed to remain at home nearly two years, but in France events were rapidly marching toward the Revolution, and rules were in many cases relaxed. Anyhow, it was not till June, 1788, that he returned to his regiment, then quartered at Auxonne. His superior officers, especially Baron du Teil, all interested themselves in the young man for whom no work was too hard as long as it bore on military

subjects, and encouraged him in every possible way. His men liked him, and felt the same confidence in him that his mother had done; but from his own comrades he still held aloof, and the walks that he took around the city, pondering how best it could be attacked or defended, were always solitary ones. In general he was left pretty much alone — there was a feeling among the people that he was not a safe person to meddle with; but sometimes their high spirits got the better of them, and when he was trying to puzzle out a problem in mathematics that had baffled him for days, his thoughts would be put to flight by a sudden blast of trumpets and roar of drums directly under his window. Then Napoleon would spring up with a fierce burst of anger, but before he could get outside, the culprits were nowhere to be seen.

As time went on, and the Revolution drew nearer, Napoleon's thoughts turned more and more toward Corsica, and when, in July, 1789, the taking of the great prison of the Bastille seemed to let loose the fury of the mob all over France, he felt that he

must play his part in the liberation of his native island. So in September he applied for leave and sailed for Ajaccio. On his arrival he at once began to take measures for enabling the people to gain the independence that he hoped would be formally granted them by the National Assembly in Paris. The White Cockade, the Bourbon ensign, was to disappear from men's hats; a guard must be enrolled; a club, composed of all who wished for a new order of things, must be founded. Even when the French governor put a stop to these proceedings, Napoleon was not to be beaten, but turned his attention to something else, taking care always to keep his men well in hand and to enforce discipline.

When Napoleon went back to Auxonne in February, 1791, he was accompanied by Louis, then thirteen years old. They traveled through a very different France from that which Napoleon had beheld in 1778. Then all was quiet on the surface, and it seemed as if nothing would ever change; now, women as well as men met together in large numbers and talked excitedly, ready

at a moment's notice to break out into some deed of violence. Everywhere the tricolor was to be seen, the "Marseillaise" to be heard. Napoleon's eyes brightened as he listened to the song, and Louis watched and wondered. But not yet had the poor profited by the wealth of the rich. Napoleon's lodging, which he shared with Louis, was as bare as before; his food was even plainer, for now two had to eat it. Masters were costly and not to be thought of, so Napoleon set lessons to be learned during the day, and to be repeated at night when military duties were over. And Louis was as eager for knowledge as Napoleon himself had been. He was a good boy, too, with generous feelings and a strong sense of duty, which in after years, when he was King of Holland, brought him into strife with Napoleon. But in 1791 that was a long time off, and soon after he writes a letter to Joseph, in which he says, "I make you a present of my two cravats that Napoleon gave me." Did he keep any for himself, one wonders?

Deeply though he loved his military

duties, Napoleon could not rest away from Corsica, and in the autumn he again asked for leave from his long-suffering colonel. He found the island in even a worse condition than when he had last left it, for parties were more numerous and hatred fiercer. More than once Napoleon narrowly escaped with his life, which, by all the laws of war, he had really forfeited as a deserter by long outstaying his leave. But this did not trouble Napoleon. With France upset, with "Paris in convulsions," and with the war with the allied powers on the point of breaking out, no one was likely to inquire closely into the conduct of an unimportant young soldier. Clearly his best plan was to go to Paris, and to Paris he went in May, 1792, hoping to be allowed quietly to take his old place in the regiment. Scarcely had he arrived when, walking in the street, watching all that passed, and saying nothing, he came upon his old friend Bourrienne, from whom he had parted eight years before. The young men were delighted to meet, and spent their time making plans for the future. "He had even less money than I," writes

Bourrienne, "and that was little enough. We formed a scheme for taking some houses that were being built, and subletting them at a higher rate. But the owners asked too much, and we were forced to give it up. Every day he went to seek employment from the Minister of War, and I from the Foreign Office."

Napoleon stayed in Paris, observing the course of events and roaming the streets with Bourrienne. One day they saw collected near the Palais Royal a crowd of five or six thousand men, dirty, ragged, evil-faced, and with tongues as evil. In their hands were guns, swords, knives, axes, or whatever they could seize upon, and, shouting, screaming, and gesticulating, they made their way towards the Tuileries. "Let us follow those brutes," said Bonaparte, and, taking a short cut, they reached the garden terrace which overlooks the Seine, and from there they watched terrible scenes. "I could hardly describe the surprise and horror they excited in him," writes Bourrienne, "and when at length the King appeared at a window, wearing the Red Cap of Liberty

which had been thrust on his head by one of the mob, a cry broke from Napoleon :—

“‘Why did they ever let these beasts enter?’ he exclaimed, heedless of who might hear him. ‘They should have mown down five hundred of them with the guns, and the rest would have run away.’” “They don’t know what they are doing,” he said to Bourrienne a few hours after, when they were sitting at dinner in a cheap restaurant. “It is fatal to allow such things to pass unpunished, and they will rue it bitterly.” And so they did; for the 10th of August was soon to come, and after that the September massacres of nobles and great ladies.

With feelings like these — feelings often quite different from the doctrines that he held — Napoleon must have had hard work to keep his sword in its sheath on that very 10th of August when the Tuileries was attacked and the Swiss Guards so nobly died at their post. He was standing at a shop window in a side street, and his soul sickened at the sight of the struggle. At last he could bear it no longer, and, dashing into the midst of the fray, he dragged out a

wounded man from the swords of the rabble, who by this time were drunk with blood. "If Louis XVI had only shown himself on horseback," he writes to Joseph that same evening, "the victory would have been his." But, alas! Louis never did the thing that was wisest to do. Eager as he was to get away, Napoleon had to linger on amidst the horrors of the September massacres till he gained permission to take his sister **back** to Corsica. Here the state of affairs seemed almost as desperate as in France, and no man could trust his neighbor. Napoleon now fought openly against Paoli, whom the execution of Louis XVI threw into the arms of England, and fierce battles and sieges were the consequence. Once he was imprisoned in a house, but he contrived to escape through a side window, and hurried back to Ajaccio. Here his arrest was ordered, but warned by his friends Napoleon hid himself all day in a grotto, in the garden of one of his Ramolino cousins. Still, as it was clear that Ajaccio was no longer safe for him, he got on board a boat and rejoined Joseph at Bastia.

It was only on June 11, after perils by land and perils by sea, that Napoleon set sail for Toulon. From Toulon he made his way to Nice, where a battery of artillery was quartered, and found that by great good luck the brother of his old general, Baron du Teil, was in command. In happier times he would most likely have been put under arrest at once, before being shot as a deserter; but, as in earlier days, the Republic was in need of every man it could get, and he was at once employed to inspect the defenses along the coast and to collect guns and ammunition. In all this, the warfare he had carried on in Corsica stood him in good stead. It had taught him how to deal with men, and his eye had learned to discover the strong and weak points of a position, while his mind had grown rich in resource. As in the case of many of the greatest men, he had been trained for victory by defeat. It was at the siege of Toulon he gained the name at which for eleven years "the world grew pale." Revolted by the cruelties of the Convention in Paris, the town, like others in different parts of France, had

declared for Louis XVIII. A friendly fleet of English and Spanish ships had cast anchor in the bay, and the French army that besieged the city was undisciplined and ill commanded. All that it had in the way of artillery was in so bad a condition as to be useless, the powder and shot were exhausted, Dommartin, the artillery officer, was wounded, and there was no man to take his place.

“Send for young Bonaparte,” said Salicetti, one of the commissioners of the Convention, who had known him elsewhere; and from that moment the tide began to turn. Messengers were dispatched at once to bring in horses from miles around, while an arsenal was built on one of the surrounding hills. Day and night the men kept at work, and before a week had passed fourteen big guns and four mortars were ready, and a large quantity of provisions stored up. Day and night the men labored, and day and night Bonaparte was to be found beside them, directing, encouraging, praising. When he could no longer stand, he wrapped himself in his cloak and lay down beside them, present to guide them in

any difficulty, to repair any blunder. And the representatives of the Convention noted it all, and one morning handed him his brevet of general of battalion. Armed with this authority, Napoleon's task became easier. He had aides-de-camp to send where he would, and forthwith one rode along the coast to bring up cannon from the army of Italy, and another set out for Lyons to gather horses and food. But whatever he did, his eyes were fixed on the key of the city — the Fort Mulgrave which, it was plain to all, must be the first object of attack. Close underneath the fort a French battery was erected and manned — only to be swept clear by the guns from the English ships. Another set of volunteers slipped out from the ranks and fell dead beside their comrades. For the third time Bonaparte gave the word of command, but there was silence. "Call it the Battery of the Fearless," he said, and in an instant every man had sprung forward. The battery was never without its gunner till the fort was taken.

With the fall of Toulon we must bid farewell to Napoleon, whose youth was over and

whose manhood was now begun. You all know the story, which ended at last in Waterloo, and there is no need to repeat it. "He was not a gentleman," is said by many. Well, perhaps he was not always a gentleman, but the hold he obtained on France, and particularly on the men who followed him, was true and deep and lasting, for it endures even to this day. Listen to a soldier standing in the Invalides, where his body was laid when it was brought from St. Helena, with his hat and his sword placed beside him.

"Ah! c'est Lui! c'est son chapeau! c'est son épée!"¹ he cries, the glorious memories of the past rushing over him, till he too feels that he has fought at Austerlitz and at Marengo.

And when they asked for rights, he made reply,
 "Ye have my glory." And so, drawing round them
 His ample purple, glorified and bound them
 In an embrace that seemed identity.
 "He ruled them like a tyrant." True. But none
 Were ruled like slaves. Each felt Napoleon.

MRS. LANG. *Abridged.*

¹ Ah! It is he! That is his hat! That is his sword!

POLONIUS TO LAERTES

AND these few precepts in thy memory ;
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. '
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of
steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
Bear't, that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and
station

Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all : to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEACHER'S VOCATION

THERE is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "march of intellect" ; and here I will confess that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are in the right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect, expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question.

It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceeding of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy to all improvement. The conqueror moves in a march. He

stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of war; banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded and the lamentations for the slain.

Not thus the schoolmaster in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and purposes in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers around him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path, laboring steadily but calmly till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice. His is a progress not to be compared with anything like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph and to laurels more imperishable than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won.

Such men — men deserving the glorious title of teachers of mankind, — I have found, laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation, wherever I have gone. I have found them among

the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French. I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded Italians; and in our own country, their numbers everywhere abound and are every day increasing.

Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times.

Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph commemorating "one in whom mankind lost a friend and no man got rid of an enemy."

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.

INGRATITUDE

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE

It happened upon a November evening (when I was about fifteen years old, and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, my sister Annie being turned thirteèn, and a deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded, and the bark from

the wood ricks washed down the gutters, and even our watershoot going brown) that the ducks in the court made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white (as the fashion then of ducks was), not I mean twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and without being nice about their color, they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the overexcited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of the tune they seem to have accepted as the national duck's anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And

then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again. Now I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether roystering, roosting, or roasted ; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, poddling one after other, with their toes out like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with a greater quickness ; for she counted them like a good duck wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us ; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgency and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo ! the

old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly. For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water newts, and tadpoles, and caddis worms, and other game, this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise, and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like a wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine at milking time from straying

away there, drinking (for in truth they are very dainty), and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance. But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains at full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle buffeted almost flat, and thatched (so to say) with the drift stuff, was going seesaw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters. But saddest to see was between two bars, where a fog was of rushes, and flood wood, and wild celery haulm, and dead crowsfoot, who but our venerable mallard, jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will by the choking fall-to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing, because, being borne up high and dry by a

tumult of the torrent, he gave me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with the turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water, as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt by the way he sputtered, and failed to quack, and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute, and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "get thee back boy. The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward and spoke to his mare — she was just of the tint of a

strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful — and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job, yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty forelegs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her. Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking. Then as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried downstream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

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They landed, some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was ; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word, until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

“Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it,” he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her ; “but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it.”

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly upon his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was. Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers ; and then away into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all

made a noise in their throats, and stood up and put their bills together, to thank God for this great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble, and watched the end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him. He was rather short, about John Fry's height, or maybe a little taller, but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback. To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty, and well-found in beard; but he was not more than four and twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose and keen blue eyes, and a merry waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything disliked him; and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than buffet him.

“Well, younguns, what be gaping at?”

He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin, and took me all in without winking.

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride of her?"

"Thinkst thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse upon Exmoor foaled but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never could ride upon saddle. Take them leathers off her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I'm a fool, good sir! Only trust me with her, and I will not override her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me, especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare after all, but a witch. However, she looked like a filly all over, and wonderfully beautiful, with her supple stride, and soft

slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes full of docile fire. Whether this came from her Eastern blood of the Arabs newly imported, and whether the cream color, mixed with our bay, led to that bright strawberry tint, is certainly more than I can decide, being chiefly acquainted with farm horses. And these come of any color and form; you never can count what they will be, and are lucky to get four legs to them.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything, as the manner is of females, when they know what is the best for them. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning

around to Winnie so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

"Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth, for reasons I cannot tell you, because they are too manifold; "take off your saddlebag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine; and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen. Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce

subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time; "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be'est made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill clear whistle, when her ears were bent

toward him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me; and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw, and her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before, or since, I trow. She drove full headed at the cob wall. "Oh, Jack, slip off," screamed Annie; then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "Mux me," I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the furthest; "if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child at the breast, and wished I had never been born.



'First she reared upright in the air.'

Straight away, all in front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, all I knew of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases, and my toes into her flank part, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog briars got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish; till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses. But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home

with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent, and graceful, and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it, and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

SILAS MARNER'S EPPIE

(Silas Marner, a linen weaver who had left his former home in the north of England because he had been unjustly accused of theft, came to live in Raveloe, a prosperous little village in central England. He lived in a stone cottage on the edge of the village, not far from a deserted stone pit.)

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which

corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard." So had his way of life: he invited no comer to step across his doorsill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's; he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries.

The years had rolled on without producing any change in the impressions of the neighbors concerning Marner, except the change from novelty to habit. At the end of fifteen years the Raveloc men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning; they did not say them quite so often, but they believed them much more strongly when they did say them.

There was only one important addition which the years had brought: it was, that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up "bigger men" than himself. But what were the guineas to him who saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving? It was

needless for him to ask that, for it was pleasant to him to feel them in his palm, and to look at their bright faces, which were all his own.

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half crowns grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary imprisonment, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the very beginning of their hoard, showed them no purpose beyond it. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire.

In this strange world, made a hopeless

riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving — looking towards the end of his pattern or towards the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle, and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but it remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him, as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and color were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship.

He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. Not that the idea of being robbed presented itself often or strongly to

his mind ; hoarding was common in country districts in those days ; there were old laborers in the parish of Raveloe who were known to have their savings by them, probably inside their flock beds ; but their rustic neighbors, though not all of them as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred, had not imaginations bold enough to lay a plan of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their own village without betraying themselves ? They would be obliged to "run away" — a course as dark and dubious as a balloon journey.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. This is the history of Silas Marner, until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe. But about the Christmas of that fifteenth year, a second great change came over Marner's life, and his history became blent in a singular manner with the life of his neighbors.

Supper was his favorite meal, because it

came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his "setting up" a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but there were things Silas loved better than his own comfort; so, drawing his pork to the extremity of the hanger, and arming himself with his lantern and his old sack, he set out on what, in ordinary weather, would have been a twenty minutes' errand. He could not have locked his door without undoing his well-knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice. What thief would find his way to the Stone-pits on such a night as this? and why should he come on this particular night, when he had never come through all the fifteen years before?

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done; he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once — only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his

head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he knelt down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

The days passed by. Marner's thoughts could no longer move in their old round, and were baffled by a blank like that which meets a plodding ant when the earth has broken away on its homeward path. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting it was gone; the evening had no phantasm of delight to still the poor soul's craving. The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy, for its meager image was only a fresh reminder of his loss; and hope was too heavily crushed

by the sudden blow, for his imagination to dwell on the growth of a new hoard from that small beginning.

He filled up the blank with grief. As he sat weaving, he every now and then moaned low, like one in pain: it was the sign that his thoughts had come round again to the sudden chasm — to the empty evening time. And all the evening, as he sat in his loneliness by his dull fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his head with his hands, and moaned very low — not as one who seeks to be heard. Yet he was not utterly forsaken in his trouble. The repulsion he had always created in his neighbors was partly dissipated by the new light in which this misfortune had shown him. He was generally spoken of as a “poor mused creature”; and that avoidance of his neighbors, which had before been referred to his ill will, was now considered mere craziness. The change to a kindlier feeling was shown in various ways.

On New Year's Eve Marner was standing in the doorway of his cottage, looking out at the falling snow. During the last few

weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might be somehow coming back to him. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while — there was really something on the road coming towards him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it; he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

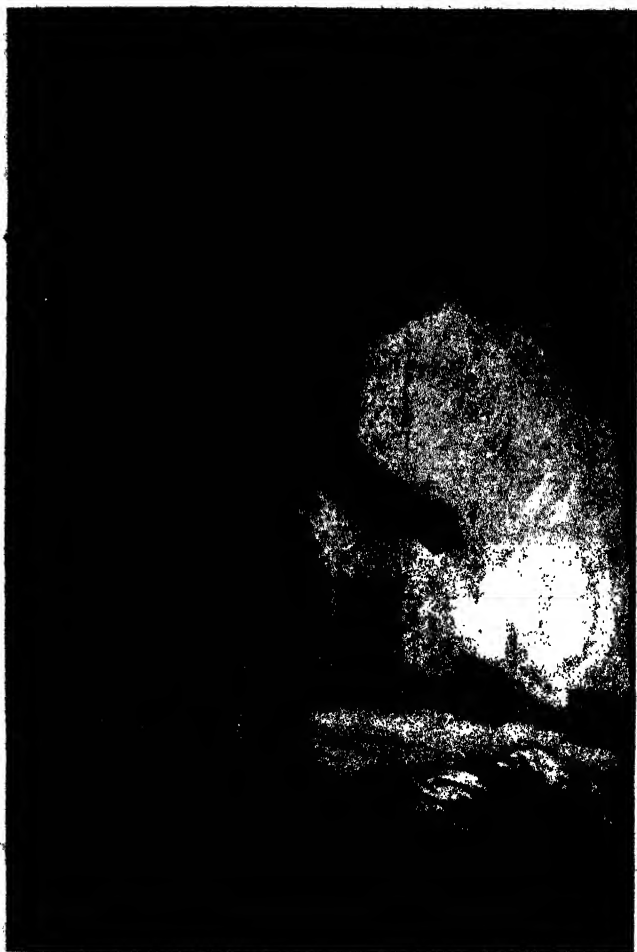
When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm

curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head.

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with “mammy” by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and



'He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand.'

began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery, too.

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold — that the gold had turned into the child. It was a lone thing, and he was a lone thing. His money had gone, he didn't know where, and the child had come from he didn't know

where. Therefore he decided to keep her, and called her Eppie after his mother. His determination to keep her was a matter of hardly less surprise in the village than the robbery of his money.

As the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshiped in close-locked solitude — which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones — Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening

his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny midday or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers.

By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. The

neighbors told him that punishment was good for Eppie, but it was painful to him to hurt her in any way.

He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy; it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the trundle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach, but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open

door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him : Eppie had run out by herself — had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas rushed out, calling “Eppie!” and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? The meadow was searched in vain ; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud.

Here was clearly a case which demanded severe treatment ; but Silas, overcome with

joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie. The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and he determined to try the coalhole — a small closet near the hearth.

“Naughty, naughty Eppie,” he began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes — “naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coalhole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coalhole.”

He proceeded to put her into the coalhole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, “Opy, opy!” and Silas let her out, saying, “Now Eppie ’ull never be naughty again; else she must go in the coalhole — a black, naughty place.”

Eppie must now be washed and have clean clothes on. In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas, having turned his

back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round once more, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peered out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toahole!" This total failure of the coalhole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

GEORGE ELIOT. *Abridged.*

ASPECTA MEDUSA

ANDROMEDA, by Perseus saved and wed,
Hankered each day to see the Gorgon's
head;

Till o'er a fount he held it, bade her lean,
 And mirrored in the wave was safely seen
 That death she lived by.

Let not thine eyes know
 Any forbidden thing itself, although
 It once should save as well as kill: but be
 Its shadow upon life enough for thee.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

SIR ARTEGALL AND THE KNIGHT SANGLIER

It is now time that the story of Sir Artegall should be told: how he was bred up in the ways of justice. Now this story, as it was commonly reported, was this: Astræa, who was the Goddess of Justice, found him when he was a child playing with other children of a like age; she, liking him well, and finding him innocent and without guile, took him away with her to a solitary place where she dwelt — for as yet she lived upon the earth — and there instructed and trained him to be such an one as she desired. She taught him to weigh

right and wrong in equal scales, and to measure out equity according to the rule of conscience. And because there were no men in the place, she taught him to seek experience of the right way among the beasts of the forests ; for these also oppress their own kind. Also she caused him to be instructed in the use of arms, in which use he became in due time most expert, so that he came to be held in high repute, as being one who could not only distinguish most truly between right and wrong, but could also maintain the same by force of arms. She also gave him a sword of great repute which Jupiter himself had used in his war against the Titans ; Chrysaor was its name, which, being interpreted, is "Sword of Gold." Of finest temper was it, and beautiful to behold. Also she gave her servant to attend upon him — Talus was his name. This same Talus wielded an iron flail with which to thresh out falsehood and separate the truth.

This Artegall, being now come to years of manhood, betook himself, as was the wont of all worthy knights in those days,

to the Court of Queen Gloriana. And she gave him, as the task which he should accomplish, the succoring of a distressed lady, Irene by name, from whom a tyrant, whom men called Grantorto, withheld the heritage which was rightly hers. For she judged that there was no man who could better discern the right, and having discerned it could more effectually cause it to prevail.

So it came to pass that he and Talus, who was his squire, rode off on their errand. On their way they saw as sorry a sight as ever was seen by mortal eyes, — a squire sitting upon the ground in most doleful fashion, and hard by him, lying on the ground, the headless corpse of a lady. It was indeed a piteous thing to see the gay apparel of the dead, most cruelly drenched in blood.

“Now tell me,” cried Sir Artegall, “by what foul mischance this dreadful thing has happened.”

“Oh, sir,” answered the squire, “as I sat here with the lady whom I love, there came riding by a knight who had in his company

this fair dame whom you see lying here. And whether he was taken with the sight of my love, or was weary of his own, I know not; but this he said: 'Ho! fellow, let us make exchange.' And when I denied his request, and the two ladies also cried out upon him, then he threw down the dame, his companion, on the ground, and lawlessly taking away from me my own, set her upon his horse. And when his lady saw what he had done, and how he was riding away, she followed him as fast as she could, and laying hold of his arm, cried out: 'Leave me not in this fashion; slay me rather!' And he in a fury drew his sword, and with a single stroke shore off her head, even in the place where now she lies. And now he has gone, taking my love with him."

"Tell me," said Sir Artegall, "by which way he went. Tell me also by what signs I may know him."

"But, fair sir," the squire made answer, "he has gone so long that you can scarce hope to overtake him. Yet, if you would know the way, he rode across the plain."

And he pointed with his hand to the course which the knight had followed. "As for the marks, know that he carried on his shield a broken sword on a field of blood; and, indeed, it seemed to be a fitting emblem."

"Follow him," said Sir Artegall to his page Talus. And the page followed him swift as a swallow flies over a field. Nor was it long before he overtook the knight — Sir Sanglier he was called — and bade him come back with him and answer for his deed. No little scorn did the knight feel to be so commanded, and, setting down the lady whom he carried on his steed, rode at the page Talus with all his force. Full on the body he struck him, but moved him no more than a rock is moved by some stone that is thrown at it. On the other hand, Talus dealt him such a blow that he laid him prostrate on the ground. Ere he could recover himself, Talus had seized him in an iron grip, and forced him to follow him, the lady also, though she would have fled in her fear, following. So they came to Sir Artegall.

“What is this that you have done?” said Sir Artegall.

“Nay,” said the knight, “I did it not: I am guiltless of the blood of this dame, and this I will prove on the body of this false squire, if he will meet me hand to hand.”

Now the squire was not of such prowess as to meet so doughty a knight. Then said Sir Artegall: “This is a doubtful cause, which it were not well to try by arbitrament of battle. Will you therefore commit the matter to me, and abide by my judgment and sentence?”

To this they both consented. Then said Sir Artegall: “Since each of you denies that this lady came by her death through his deed, and each claims the living lady as his own, my judgment is that both the living and the dead shall be equally divided, and each shall have his part both of one and of the other. Also I decree that if either of you two shall reject this my sentence, he shall carry this head as a penance for twelve months, by way of witness that he brought about her death.”

Sir Sanglier gladly accepted the doom,



"He rode at the page Talus with all his force."

but the squire was ill-content, for he really loved the dame who had been reft from him. "Nay," said he, "I would rather by far that she should live, though I lose her."

"'Tis well said, squire!" cried Sir Artegall, "and now I perceive that you are indeed guiltless in this matter. As for you, Sir Knight, who care so little for the living or the dead, take this head and carry it for a twelve months' space, to be a witness of your shame and guilt." Sir Sanglier was ill-content with this sentence, and would have refused to abide by it. Only, when he saw Talus approaching with intent to compel him, he made his submission, for he knew by experience how great was his strength.

Then said the squire: "Oh, sir, you have done me such service as I can never repay. Let me therefore attend you as your squire, and that without fee or favor."

"Not so," Sir Artegall made answer, "I am well content to be as I am. Do you follow your own affairs. As for me, Talus here will be sufficient for my needs."

*
MERCY

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd, —
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice
bless'd, —

It blesseth him that gives, and him that
takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway, —
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's

When mercy seasons justice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE HOG FAMILY

It is a good sign of the times that the
crusade against the large and omnipresent

family of Hog which the Easy Chair long ago preached has been vigorously renewed. Public manners are a common interest. The private conduct of the most famous personages is of small concern beyond their domestic circle. But the conduct of the person in the next room at a hotel, or in the next seat in a railroad car, is of great interest to us. Yet the remedy is not obvious. Even if we should propose a school of manners, it is not certain that the pupils for whom it would be especially designed would attend.

If a fellow guest at the Grand Hotel of the Universe comes in at two in the morning, and going humming along the corridor to his room, flings his boot down upon the floor at his door with a resounding blow that awakens all neighboring sleepers, you may cover him with expletives, and consign him in imagination to a hundred direful dooms, but nevertheless he goes unpunished. Or you may suddenly confront him in all the majesty of nocturnal dishabille, and admonish him severely of the wicked selfishness of his ways. But the probability is that you will

have either an extremely amused audience, who will "guy" your appearance without mercy, or receive a surly rejoinder in the form of a boot or a volley of vituperation. In any event, the school of manners will not be honored by the exercises.

•Yet the Hog family is not American, nor is it by any means peculiar to this country. The Lady Mavourneen who said with enthusiasm that she could travel without insult from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that every American of the other sex seemed to make himself her protector, said only what is generally true of the American. He is naturally courteous and invincibly good-natured. Indeed, it is his good nature which has permitted the family Hog to develop to such proportions. A man enters a hotel "as if it belonged to him." Will he not be forced to pay for his accommodation — and roundly? Shall he not take his ease in his inn? Is he not willing to settle for all the food, drink, comfort, trouble, that he may require or occasion? Shall he put himself out for others? If number one does not look out for itself, who will look out for it?

And to all this Jonathan good-naturedly assents. If number one takes more than his share of the sofa, Jonathan moves up. If number one puts his feet on a chair, Jonathan does not stare. If number one still more grossly demonstrates his porcine lineage, Jonathan dislikes to make trouble — until number one comes to despise those whom he insults, and plainly expects every circle to bow to the sovereignty of selfishness. This is a fatal form of good nature, but it has a not unkindly origin. It springs from a social condition in which everybody is expected to help everybody else, because everybody needs help as in a frontier community. Indeed, in many a rural neighborhood still, this spirit of lending a hand is supreme. Everybody expects to submit to inconvenience, because he knows that he will require others to submit.

But these refinements of mutual dependence must not be allowed to justify the outrages of selfishness. The passenger in the boat or the train who occupies more than his seat, who sits in one chair, covers another with his feet, and a third with his

bundles, is a public pest and general nuisance, for whose punishment there should be a common law of procedure. But this can be found only where there is a common contempt and resolution which will deprive him of his ill-gotten seats in the first place, and make him feel, in the second, the general scorn of his neighbors.

But as we are told constantly and correctly that we are a reading people, it is through reading that the members of the family, which is *hostis humani generis*, will learn that they are the most detestable and detested of the great families of the race. You, sir, whose eyes are skimming this page, and who never give your seat to a woman in the elevated car "on principle" — the principle being either that a woman ought not to get into a crowded car, knowing that she will put gentlemen to inconvenience; or that the company ought to forbid the entry of more passengers than there are seats; or that first come should be first served; or that number one, having paid for a seat, has a right to occupy it; or whatever other form the "principle" may

assume — you are one of the host against whom the crusade is pushed. You are the — well, for the sake of euphony we will say man, but it is not man that is in the mind of your censors.

Or you, madam, who enter the railroad car with an air of right, and a look of fe-proval at every man who does not spring to his feet, and who settle yourself into the seat offered you without the least recognition of the courtesy that offers it—for you it would be well if the urbane mentor of another day were still here, who, having given his seat to a dashing young woman who seemed unconscious of his presence, looked at her until she impatiently demanded if he wanted anything, and he, responding, said blandly, “Yes, madam; I want to hear you say thank you.”

Both this sir and madam may learn from the daily papers as from this page that even in a car where they recognize no acquaintance, a cloud of witnesses around hold them in full survey, and whatever the fashion or richness of their garments, and however supercilious their air, perceive at once

whether they belong to the family of ladies and gentlemen, or to that of Charles Lamb's "Mr. H." Thackeray's hero could not have been more aghast to see his divine Ottilia consume with gusto the oysters which were no longer fresh than Romeo to learn by his Juliet's question to that urbane mentor of other years that his mistress must be of kin to the unmentionable family.

The next time those boots are flung down in the reverberating hotel corridor there will be no harm in remarking to the clerk the next morning in the crowded office that it is not necessary for you to look upon the register to know that one of the Hog family arrived during the night.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From "Other Essays from the Easy Chair," by George William Curtis. Copyright, 1893, by Harper Bros., Publishers.

FRIENDSHIP

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes ;
The lover rooted stays.

I fancied he was fled, —
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red ;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair ;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

VOLUNTARIES III

IN an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in Freedom's fight, —
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay

And quit proud homes and youthful dames
For famine, toil and fray?
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
Sò nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A BATTLE OF PEACE

FORMERLY it was believed that nothing could be done to combat yellow fever. It came into southern cities like an invading army, and the people surrendered. Then they died in great numbers. And nobody knew how to stop it.

In 1900, three United States medical officers were appointed from the army to attack yellow fever. They found a good battle field in Cuba. There they went, taking their lives in their hands, to fight an unseen enemy. They had a foe who fought in am-

bush, with poisoned weapons. They knew not where to strike.

At last, Dr. Walter Reed, the leader of this almost hopeless crusade, came to the conclusion that yellow fever killed people by means of the stings of mosquitoes. His theory was that when a mosquito that has stung a yellow fever patient stings a well man, it carries the poison of the fever with it. But this theory had to be tested; and it had to be tested in the bodies of the doctors themselves. They deliberately tried it. They let the yellow fever mosquitoes sting them, and they had yellow fever. One of them died. No Christian martyr ever gave his life more devotedly to the cause for which he contended, than did this brave young doctor. Dr. Lazear died that thousands of people might live.

Then they exposed themselves in other ways. They slept in beds in which men had died of yellow fever, but under screens so that no mosquito could sting them. And this exposure did not cause disease. These men who took this chance were as brave as any soldier in a battle field. The courage

that makes a man face the guns of an enemy and the courage that makes a man expose himself to a plague are of the same order.

Thus the theory was proved. It was found that yellow fever is conveyed by mosquitoes. In 1900, when the doctors began this battle of peace, three hundred people died of yellow fever in the city of Havana: in 1902, the number was reduced to six.

On a tablet erected to the memory of Dr. Lazear in Johns Hopkins Hospital, at Baltimore, there is this inscription written by President Eliot of Harvard University: "With more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated, and how its ravages may be prevented."

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,

The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands. ‘

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;



Sir Galahad.

I hear a voice but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,

Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
“ O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near.”
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A MASTER OF FATE

THEY were hunting partridges together, a father and his son. The young man was twenty-five years old, and very fond of all out door sports. But he had made an important discovery. He had found that nothing can be accomplished without hard work. After some idle years of early youth he had begun to study. He had begun to work at his books, not merely to get his lessons, but to improve himself, to make himself strong and able. He liked chemistry and mathematics, but especially he liked the study of public questions. He had determined that by hard work he would make himself a member of parliament.

But that day as they were hunting, a mistake was made. The father's gun went off and the son was shot, two of the little bullets going straight through the young man's spectacles and into his eyes. Otherwise, he was not seriously injured, but from that moment he was blind.

At once, the man determined that the accident should make no difference. He would take the world with that handicap, and make the best of it. He would not allow his blindness to hinder either his happiness or his efficiency, therefore he continued his interest in athletics. He walked, climbed, rowed, and skated. And he continued his studies by having books and papers read to him.

Presently, he wrote so wise a book on political economy that he was appointed professor of that subject at the University of Cambridge, where he had been a student. But he kept his old determination to be a member of parliament. He went about making speeches; he debated public questions. He told people to make no allowance whatever for his blindness. "I purpose,"

he said, "to enter all contests on a basis of equality."

At the age of thirty-two he won an election. He was now in parliament. He continued his studies and worked hard. He took up matters of public welfare. He interested himself in savings banks, in public schools, in the preservation of forests. At last, Gladstone asked him to be postmaster-general of England.

Thus Henry Fawcett found himself. He became one of the greatest postmasters-general in English history. He brought the express business and the telegraph business of the whole country into the post-office.

It is remembered of him that during the days of his greatest activity, he wrote to his father and mother twice a week. When he died he was one of the best-loved men in England, and the working people raised a great fund of money for his widow by giving only a penny apiece. In the face of difficulty, Henry Fawcett went on day by day, and conquered.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

Written after seeing Millet's famous painting

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never
 hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this
 brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within
 this brain?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-
 quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the
 light;



The Man with the Hoe.

Rebuild in it the music and the dream ;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes ?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man ?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the
world ?

How will it be with kingdoms and with
kings —

With those who shaped him to the thing
he is —

When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries ?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

AL, as young Edison was called by his fellow-workers on the railroad, was a good son to his parents, and delighted to take home to them as much of his earnings as possible. He wanted money with which to buy the chemicals to make his experiments, and having no friends who could assist him pecu-

niarily, he knew that he must depend upon his own exertions. Early and late, therefore, he worked upon the train and in the stations selling his newspapers. But at first he did not earn much money by it. He had to be very careful that he did not buy more papers than he could sell in his very limited sphere of operations; and yet he could not afford to take too few, as they would have been all sold before reaching the end of the trip. This set the boy thinking. It was plain that, to insure a good sale of newspapers, something must be done to arouse the attention of his patrons. The time was favorable for making a sensation. The Civil War between the Northern and Southern States was at its height, and the press was full to overflowing with exciting news. He is clever who knows how to seize an opportunity and make use of it. Edison quickly formed, and proceeded to carry out, a capital plan.

Making a friend of one of the compositors in the *Free Press* office, he persuaded the man to show him every day a first proof of the most important news article. Then,

from a study of its headlines, he soon learned to gauge the value of the news and its selling capacity, so as to be able to form a pretty correct idea of the number of papers he would need. Generally, he could only dispose of about two hundred, unless there was any special news from the seat of war, when he found he could sell about three hundred.

One day the friendly compositor showed him a proof slip containing a huge headline. It was the first report of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and it gave the number of killed and wounded as fifty thousand.

Grasping the situation at once, Edison saw that there would be a chance of enormous sales of his newspapers, if only he could get the people along the line acquainted with what had happened. How could he let them know? By what means could he create in them an intense eagerness to get his newspapers? The idea of telegraphing the news before he followed with the papers flashed across his mind.

Instantly running over to a telegraph operator, he made a bargain with him. He was to wire to each of the principal sta-

tions on the line, asking the station master to chalk on the blackboard, upon which was usually posted the times of the departure and arrival of trains, the tidings of the great battle with its enormous loss of life. In exchange for this favor, young Edison agreed to supply the operator with a *Harper's Weekly*, a *Harper's Monthly*, and a daily evening paper for six months from that date.

This bargain made, and the telegraph operator instructed to do his part immediately, Edison turned to the next point, which was to gain possession of all the papers he required for his great effort. This was a matter of no small difficulty, for he had very little money, and who was likely to trust a poor lad like him? However, he boldly went to the superintendent of the delivery department, and asked for one thousand copies of the *Free Press*, to be paid for after they were sold.

The request was curtly and promptly refused.

Edison's need was great; he saw a small fortune in prospect, if he could but get the papers. At last, therefore, he took courage

to go upstairs to the office of the proprietor of the *Free Press*, Mr. Wilbur F. Storey.

"I told him who I was," said Edison, when he afterwards related the story, "and that I wanted fifteen hundred copies of the paper on credit. The tall, thin, ascetic-looking man stared at me for a moment, and then scratched a few words on a slip of paper. 'Take that downstairs,' he said, 'and you will get what you want.' And so I did. Then I felt happier than I have ever felt in my life since."

Taking his fifteen hundred newspapers away in triumph, Edison got three lads to help him fold them. Then he went to his train with his newspapers in great delight, and only anxious on one point, and that was whether his friendly telegraph operator had kept his promise.

At Utica, about twelve miles off, where the train stopped first, he usually sold two papers at five cents each. But now, as the train ran into the station, upon looking eagerly out, he thought he saw an excursion party, for the platform was crowded with people. As soon as they perceived him

with some of his newspapers in his hands, they began to gesticulate and shout, and he saw they were clamoring for the papers. Seizing an armful, he jumped out, and very soon sold forty.

The next station was Mount Clemens. Here he thought a riot must be going on, for the platform was crowded with a howling mob. But he soon found that what they wanted was news of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. Those who had friends or relatives fighting there were in a state of the utmost suspense and anxiety. Doubling the price of his newspapers, Edison speedily sold a hundred and fifty copies.

At other stations these scenes were repeated. But the climax was reached when he arrived at Port Huron. The station there was a mile from the town, toward which he at once proceeded with his remaining stock of newspapers. When half way there, he met a crowd of people hurrying towards the station, and recognized at once that they were wanting newspapers. He therefore raised the price of his newspapers to a quarter of a dollar a copy, and reaped quite a

small fortune. As he passed a church where service was going on, the whole congregation turned out, and bid against each other for the precious papers.

"You can understand," said Edison, long afterwards, "why it struck me then that the telegraph must be about the best thing going, for it was the telegraphic notices on the bulletin boards that had done the trick. I determined at once to become a telegraph operator. But if it hadn't been for Wilbur F. Storey, I should never have fully appreciated the wonders of electrical science."

Thus it was that the boy's mind, hitherto inclined to the study of chemistry, was turned, in admiration and delight, in the direction in which so many of his great inventions were to lie.

He was a kind-hearted lad, ever ready to help others, and by this time he had many friends among the station agents, operators, and their families all along the line. At Mount Clemens station, where his train usually stayed about thirty minutes while it shifted freight and shunted, he knew several people very well. The station master, Mr.

J. U. Mackenzie, had a little boy about two years and a half old, called Jemmy, and, in the intervals of selling his papers, young Edison would play with the child.

One lovely summer morning, in the year 1862, about half past ten, an occurrence took place which was of much importance to the ambitious and hard-working newspaper boy. His train had arrived at Mount Clemens. Letting its passenger and luggage car stand on the north end of the station platform, the pin having been pulled between the luggage and first box car, the train of some twelve or fifteen luggage cars went forward, and then backing in upon the freight-house siding, took out a box car containing ten tons of material, and pushed it so that its momentum would enable it to reach the luggage car without any brakeman controlling it.

It happened that exactly at that moment, Edison, who had been standing watching the fowls in the station master's poultry yard, turned round and saw, to his horror, that little Jemmy Mackenzie was on the main track. The little fellow was playing in the sunshine, and throwing pebbles over his

head, quite ignorant of the awful danger he was in.

Dashing his newspapers and his cap to the ground, Edison quickly sprang forward to rescue his little friend, at the risk of his own life.

On came the car, but Edison was just able to throw himself and the child out of its way. They fell together, face downward, and with such force as to drive the particles of gravel into their flesh, but happily just out of reach of the car as it came up. An eyewitness declared that, if Edison had been a second later, he would have lost a foot or would perhaps have been killed. Indeed, the car struck the heel of his boot. The station master was in his ticket office; but, on hearing a shriek, he came out in time to see the railway men carrying the two boys to the platform.

Ah, how grateful the father was! He was a poor man, living, as so many railway employees do, above his means, and usually spending his salary before he received it from his paymaster. He had no money to offer the brave rescuer of his little boy, but

quickly thought of a way of proving his gratitude.

He could teach the poor newspaper lad the art of telegraphy, and put him in the way of earning a good salary as a telegraph operator. Much to Edison's delight — for this was just the kind of help that he wanted — he at once proposed to do so.

Edison gratefully accepted the welcome offer. Ah, how hard he worked now! After plying his business all day, on coming home to Port Huron each night, he returned on the luggage train to Mount Clemens to study his new work.

For about ten days this arrangement was carried on very satisfactorily; then Edison did not turn up at Mount Clemens for his telegraph lessons for several days. When he did come, however, he brought with him a complete set of working telegraph instruments, so small that they would not cover an ordinary envelope in size. They were perfect in their way, and had all been made by the boy with his own hands, in the gunshop of Messrs. Fisher and Long in Detroit.

Mrs. Mackenzie's brother, Rowland Benner, was learning telegraphy at the same time, and he and Edison vied with each other in their efforts to excel.

Benner assisted Edison with his first speculation. This was nothing less than to try to work a little private telegraph line between the station and the town. The boys made their telegraph office in a drug store in the town, using the instruments Edison had made, upon a line made of annealed stovepipe wire, upon the stakes of a rail fence, insulated with common nails.

In dry weather this line worked well enough, but on damp, wet days there was no tick to be heard. The young partners fixed a tariff of twelve and a half cents, and, during the first months, they took in the munificent sum of thirty-seven and a half cents, after which they found it necessary to close the works, as Edison was then about to take more remunerative work.

Others besides the station master at Mount Clemens assisted Edison in his telegraphic education, and in three months

he understood the art of telegraphy quite well. He used to frequent the Western Union Telegraphic Office in Port Huron, where he learned much; and it was then that he duplexed the workings on the Grand Trunk Cable between Port Huron and Sarnia. This was considered a very wonderful feat, and was a great convenience to the Grand Trunk Railroad, as it made their business much easier. It is not known, however, whether Edison was ever paid for doing this.

The winter having been exceedingly severe, the masses of ice had formed to such an extent and with such force as to sever the cable between Port Huron and the city of Sarnia. The river, which was a mile and a half wide at that point, was totally impassable, and all telegraphic communications were prevented. But Edison was not to be daunted by such difficulties. His inventive mind soon thought of a remedy. He would make short and long sounds express the dots and dashes of telegraphy, and jumping on a locomotive, he made the whistle sound the message.

“Halloo, Sarnia!” he said in this way.
“Sarnia, do you hear what I say?”

At first there was no response from the Sarnian operator.

Again and again the short and long toots shaped themselves into the dots and dashes of telegraphy.

The spectators on the bank watched with immense excitement. And at length the answer came. It was perfectly intelligible, and the connection between the two towns was once more open.

Now, young Edison began to be talked about, and his wonderful abilities were recognized, so that he found no difficulty in obtaining employment.

E. C. KENYON.

QUIET WORK

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of
thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their en-
mity —

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity !
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is
gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HABIT

No matter how full a reservoir of *maxims* one may possess, and no matter how good one's *sentiments* may be, if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to *act*, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better. With mere good intentions, hell is proverbially paved. And this is an obvious consequence of the principles we have laid down. A "character,"

as J. S. Mill says, " is a completely fashioned will " ; and a will, in the sense in which he means it, is an aggregate of tendencies to act in a firm and prompt and definite way upon all the principal emergencies of life. A tendency to act only becomes effectively ingrained in us in proportion to the uninterrupted frequency with which the actions actually occur, and the brain " grows " to their use. Every time a resolve or a fine glow of feeling evaporates without bearing practical fruit is worse than a chance lost ; it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions and emotions from taking the normal path of discharge. There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed. Rousseau, inflaming all the mothers of France, by his eloquence, to follow Nature and nurse their babies themselves, while he sends his own children to the foundling hospital, is the classical example of what I mean. But every one of us in his measure,

whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid "other particulars" of which that same Good lurks disguised, treads straight on Rousseau's path. All Goods are disguised by the vulgarity of their concomitants, in this work-a-day world; but woe to him who can only recognize them when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form! The habit of excessive novel reading and theater going will produce true monsters in this line. The weeping of a Russian lady over the fictitious personages in the play, while her coachman is freezing to death on his seat outside, is the sort of thing that everywhere happens on a less glaring scale. Even the habit of excessive indulgence in music, for those who are neither performers themselves nor musically gifted enough to take it in a purely intellectual way, has probably a relaxing effect upon the character. One becomes filled with emotions which habitually pass without prompting to any deed, and so the inertly sentimental condition is kept up. The remedy would be, never

to suffer one's self to have an emotion at a concert, without expressing it afterward in *some* active way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world — speaking genially to one's aunt, or giving up one's seat in a horse car, if nothing more heroic offers — but let it not fail to take place.

These latter cases make us aware that it is not simply *particular lines* of discharge, but also *general forms* of discharge, that seem to be grooved out by habit in the brain. Just as, if we let our emotions evaporate, they get into a way of evaporating; so there is reason to suppose that if we often flinch from making an effort, before we know it the effort-making capacity will be gone; and that, if we suffer the wandering of our attention, presently it will wander all the time. Attention and effort are, as we shall see later, but two names for the same psychic fact. To what brain processes they correspond we do not know. The strongest reason for believing that they do depend on brain processes at all, and are not pure acts of the spirit, is just this fact, that they seem in some degree subject to the law of habit,

which is a material law. As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of the will, we may, then, offer something like this: *Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day.* That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire *does* come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily inured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

WILLIAM JAMES.

From James's "Principles of Psychology." Copyright, 1890, by Henry Holt and Company.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled
wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, ---
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt
unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
voice that sings : —

Build thee more stately mansions, O my
soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will.
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
 them all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the
 pomp,

Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ORDER IN THE HOUSE

ORDER appears to me like a triumph of mind over matter, over the elements, over confusing and confounding forces. Order is the luminary, the tranquilizer, the moderator, the supporter of toil; it is life's voucher. Without it what would a city of

men be? a flock, a swarm, without aim or law, in need of going to school to the ants or the bees. But my intention is to speak of order in the home, where it consists primarily in keeping everything in its place.

We enter a room in such disorder that we might fancy ourselves in an antiquity shop or a moving van. The pieces of furniture have the air of frightened creatures surprised to find themselves together. There are books in distress, lost keys, and faded bouquets, the remnants of some past feast. A violin forgotten on a chair sets one dreaming darkly: where is the musician? Everything is subdued by a vague coat of dust. You might surmise that the inhabitants of the place, overtaken by some disaster, had fled long ago, and no one knows whither. Open a drawer, a closet, a child's satchel of books; you find only so many new forms of disorder. What results upon family life can such a state of things have? And it may be found in all social ranks.

The first result is chronic ill humor; dis-

order induces sulkings and frowns. It greets us when we wake in the morning, receives us when we get out of bed, and indisposes us for the day. Moreover, it is a perpetual reproach.

And if disorder makes us lose our temper, it also makes us lose our time. When nothing is in its place, we must organize searching parties to supply our slightest needs. Veritable excavations have to be made in boxes and drawers, as in archives ravaged by a fire. The world is full of these explorers, who have always lost something, who can't find their tools, their letters, their clothes. Do they wish to dress? they turn the house upside down. "Where are my gloves? Haven't you seen my cravat? What has become of that light blue ribbon?" Notice that these disorderly people easily become suspicious; somebody has always taken their things.

They never count their money. It seems to them that night before last there was a dollar in their pocketbook! Where has it gone? If they had orderly habits, they would know that they had spent it, and for

what. But they haven't, so here they are suspecting their companions or the servants. The same people pay twice, without knowing it, the bill of a dishonest upholsterer or one careless like themselves; but the next day, to the poor dressmaker who presents her account they say: "Oh, you must be mistaken! I've paid that bill." And thereupon they dive into a scattered confusion of papers, tumble them over like a Russian salad, exhume bundles yellowed with age, and in passing find something important that has been mislaid for years. Meanwhile the poor dressmaker waits impatiently, and, when she is finally paid, goes off tired out and suspicious.

Disorderly people are always late, always hurried. As long as they think they have time enough, nothing can draw them out of their lethargy, but at the last moment a fever seizes them and they stir up the whole household. They are the bane of their traveling companions, the despair of those who have appointments with them, the scourge of entertainments, or their laughing stock. Can't we hear now this

speech ringing in our ears? — “Here comes the X——’s; that means that the evening is over!”

There are times when disorder becomes danger, either threatening the safety or the life of those intrusted to our care, or depriving us of a thing at the moment when we need it most. From failure to have at hand on the instant some package, some key, some remedy, we stand by as helpless spectators of a disaster. The door will not open, the alarm will not sound, the antidote is found too late. “Fatality!” we cry; but we ought to cry, “Disorder!”

* * * * *

Disorderly people never own to their delinquencies. Would they continue as they are, if they saw themselves such as they are — irritating, half demented, and ridiculous? They prefer to deride orderly people and call them monomaniacs. Certainly everything may be exaggerated, even order; in some homes it degenerates into tyranny and a sort of madness — where, for instance, everything is under triple lock and key, and to

supply one's self with a drinking glass or a handkerchief is an affair of state.

There are also sticklers for over-neatness, who persecute you for a grain of dust on your clothing or a problematic particle of mud on your shoes. I was once familiar with a provincial home, painfully neat, where the visitor was seized at the door, to be brushed, shaken, and slippered. Not till this was over could he penetrate to the drawing-room. Once there, he was expected to keep his feet on a stool placed in front of his chair for that purpose, and if he showed signs of pushing it aside, it was carefully replaced for him. The table was exquisite, but woe to him who let fall a drop of wine on the cloth! He was lost forever in the eyes of his hostess.

I have also sometimes been struck with what we might call a fetishism of furniture: nothing must be touched, nothing is to be used. That an easy-chair is to sit in, a rug to walk over, china to eat from, is a stupid enough idea, quite worthy of vulgar minds. Man, who passes, should consecrate himself to furniture, which endures. If the cabinet

is in your way, hinders your work, cuts off your light, move, but don't move the cabinet, it is there for life. Manifestly all this is absurd and well excites protest, but I shall not betake myself to the camp of the disorderly on that account. It is easy to deride people painfully neat and over-punctual; it would be better to imitate their virtues.

Only those who learn to bring order into life do not lose life. Business is first of all things order; science also is order. Without method the most charming acquirements, like the best sustained notes, bring forth only confusion.

So wherever I find order, there I gladly sojourn awhile. And if it is pleasing in the homes of the rich, where many hands contribute to its keeping, it is more worthy of admiration in the homes of the poor. The wife of a laborer, who keeps her home and her children neat, has order in her rooms, her dress, and her expenditures, seems to me possessed of very great merit; for I know what energy, vigilance, and ceaseless planning is behind it all. It is a comfort to come in contact with these virtues; in

the company of a man of order and organization, I feel at ease ; I get strength from him, knowledge, and inspiration. When I leave him I seem to have been breathing a pure and vivifying atmosphere.

CHARLES WAGNER.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren
 crag,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know
 not me.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with
 those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and
 when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart

Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, govern-
 ments,

Myself not least, but honor'd of them all ;
 And drunk delight of battle with my
 peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met ;

Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravel'd world, whose mar-
 gin fades

Forever and forever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,

To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !

As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on
 life

Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains : but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,

A bringer of new things ; and vile it
 were

For some three suns to store and hoard
 myself,

And this gray spirit yearning in desire

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,

Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I
mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her
sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mar-
iners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and
thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are
old ;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,

Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs :
the deep

Moans round with many voices. Come, my
friends,

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose
holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us
down :

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old
days

Moved earth and heaven ; that which we
are, we are ;

One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in
will

To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

A GLANCE BACKWARD

FOR thirty years or more I have been afflicted with a sort of chronic homesickness, a longing for the old home where I was born, yonder amid the hills. Every season I go back there, and for a brief season the homesickness is allayed; but it soon returns again, and then I discover that it is a longing for youth, for father and mother, and for the old days on the farm which cannot return.

The farm boy never outgrows his love of the farm; how its memories cling to him, how the old scenes are interwoven with the very texture of his being! One can go back to his natal spot, but how impossible to go back to the life he lived there, to resume again the days of his youth!

When I last visited the old home I went up on the Old Clump, a high, bald-top mountain in the lap of which my father's farm lay, and where as a youth I had been scores of times to salt the sheep or to fetch them home. I drank at the cold spring just below the summit where I had so often

drunk before, and then I sat down upon a rock and mused upon the landscape spread out at my feet. How unchanged to my outward eye, how changed to my inward vision!

From nearly every one of the dozens of homesteads within my view, the old people whom I had known so well were gone, and a new generation had taken their places. There in the distance, its open door just visible as a black spot, stands the little red schoolhouse where I went to school, and there through the meadows below it meanders the little brook where we used to build ponds and swim and fish during the long summer noonings. In going to school we went a mile or more "cross-lots," and had to cross this stream. Once when it was swollen by a January thaw, in attempting to leap over it I slipped and fell my whole length in its icy current. I do not remember that it gave me a cold or that I suffered any inconvenience from it, except that of wet clothes most of the day. I suspect that I sprang out of the water so quickly that little more than my feet and outer garments were much wetted.

We had a mile and a half to go to school, part of the way across a very windy hill, and during the severe blizzards of that high altitude, I used to suffer a good deal from the cold, frequently freezing my ears, and once one of my little fingers. But my feet suffered most, incased in stiff cowhide boots, unprotected by rubbers or arctics. Often I would reach the schoolhouse with my boots frozen as stiffly as if they were cast iron. And the chilblains I suffered from, and the intolerable itching of my heels as they began to thaw out on the approach of spring, are not pleasant to think about.

Till the age of about twelve I went to school winter and summer; but after that time my help was needed on the farm, and I went to school only winters. When about fifteen I began the study of algebra and grammar, and I recall what trouble I had to get the books. My father was a fairly prosperous farmer, but did not hold very liberal ideas on the subject of education. He thought reading, writing, and arithmetic enough for his boys, and it proved enough for all but me; I wanted an algebra. This

was a new-fangled notion that father did not approve of. He had never before heard of such a study, and refused to get the book. On Saturday when I was going to the village on some errand, I labored with him the best I knew how -- that is to say, I "coaxed" him all morning to allow me to buy an algebra. But he sternly refused, and I started off with a heavy heart and wet eyes for the village. Mother was always on the side of her children, and had vigorously seconded my request before I started.

Before I had got a quarter of a mile from the house, and while yet in sight of it, she made it so hot for father that he yielded and shouted to me that I might get the book. But my blood was up, and I resolved not to get it till I could get it with my own money; this I was soon able to do. Sugar weather was at hand; I tapped some trees and got some small cakes of very fine sugar in the market early. These brought me money to buy this and other books, among them my first grammar.

I had a kind father, but he had a way of

saying "no" very loudly when his heart was saying "yes," and often the more emphatic his denial, the more we felt encouraged to go on coaxing. His firmness in refusing the requests of his children was not deep-rooted, and often made up in bluster what it lacked in force. He was pretty sure to yield, if we kept up the siege long enough, especially if mother joined in.

Of my literary tendencies, father had no conception. It was a great departure from the traditions of the family, and I suspect to the last he had no appreciation of the ends I had in view, or of the results I achieved. Upon the subject of my writings he was always silent. He never read a page of my inditing that I know, and his attitude toward this phase of my career was always one of curious reticence. But I was told that when in his old age some member of the family showed him my picture in some publication, he was moved to tears.

Sitting there upon the Old Clump and looking down upon the scene of his labors, the fields he cleared and improved, and

where the vigor of his manhood was spent, I think of him with unspeakable tenderness; and of mother, too, who did even more than her share in the battle that they fought together.

When I was sixteen I had a strong desire to go away, for a term or two, to a boarding school in an adjoining town, and finally, reënforced by mother, obtained father's reluctant consent. The first and about the only plowing I ever did was in September in getting the farm work advanced so that I could be spared. I worked at it diligently many days; cross-plowing, I think it was, getting the ground ready for rye. But when the time came for me to go, father had changed his mind; he had been counting the cost, and concluded he could not afford it. Besides that, none of the rest of the children had had such privileges, and I was no better than they were. It was a bitter disappointment to me, but probably just as well for me that I did not go. It threw me back upon my own resources and made me determined to make the most of my home advantages.

I went that winter to the district school, studied hard, and in the spring felt qualified to teach such small fry as usually attend a summer school in the country. So I resolved to try teaching, and in April set out to look for a vacancy in an adjoining county. It was the first time I had ever seen a stage coach or had ridden upon one. I walked ten miles to the turnpike and awaited the coming of the coach. I well remember that I was under considerable excitement during the hour I hung about the stage house in the little village. I was about to begin a forty-mile journey in a public conveyance, and just how to deport myself, and what would be expected of me as a passenger in an imposing four-horse stage coach, were important questions. But I got along very well. The great chariot that rolled and thundered so proudly through these sequestered valleys did not quite overwhelm me, but put me down safely in the afternoon at my destination.

After looking about for a few days I found what I was in quest of — a district in want of a teacher and willing to give me

a trial. I returned home, and then went back and began the school in two or three weeks. I engaged to teach for ten dollars a month for the first month, and eleven dollars thereafter for six months, if I suited, and "board around." The trial month was satisfactory, and I stuck to it for the six months. I had never before been from home but a few days at a time, and how homesick I became during some of those long spring and summer days, only few of my young readers can perhaps understand.

But the end came at last, and I went back home in the fall with more than fifty dollars in my pocket, all of my own earning. That winter I went to the seminary and paid my own way, and learned and experienced many things, and was much better qualified to teach the same school again, which I was engaged to do the following fall, at just double my former wages.

Recently, in driving through the country (after an absence of more than thirty years), I went out of my way to look again upon the scenes of my early experience in teach-

ing a district school. How strange and melancholy the country looked to me — so much rougher and poorer than I had thought it to be! And the houses, too, — many of which were yet standing as I had left them, --- how small and poor they looked! Probably if they had possessed eyes, I should have looked small and poor to them, also. We had all been young together, and we know that nothing magnifies and exalts like youth.

I knew that all the old people whom I had known were gone, and many of the younger ones, too. I saw no face that I knew. Yes, there comes one of my bare-foot schoolboys, Alonzo Davis, the very lad I once knew so well. It quite startled me; the same open, bright blue eyes, the short nose, the round face, and the brisk non-chalant air — an exact copy of his father at that age. He passed by without regarding me, but how my eye dwelt upon him, and how much he brought up before me of which he had no knowledge! My Alonzo was a gray-haired man; I probably saw him in a field cutting corn, but in his boy

I again saw him exactly as he was a third of a century before.

I was not much of a student of the birds or of nature during those years. As a farm boy I had known all the common birds well, and had loved the woods and the fields passionately; but my attention was not seriously turned to natural history till I was a man grown. But no one starts in the study of natural history with such advantages as he whose youth was passed on the farm. He has already got a great deal of it in his blood and bones; he has grown up in right relations with bird and beast; the study comes easily and naturally to him. The main things are a love of nature and simple tastes; and who so likely to have these as the boy from the farm?

JOHN BURROUGHS. *Abridged.*

SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

LISTEN to the exhortation of the dawn!

Look to this day!

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course lie all the

Varieties and realities of your existence ;
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty :
For yesterday is but a dream,
And to-morrow is only a vision,
But to-day well-lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every to-morrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day !
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

From the Sauskrit.

JOYFULNESS

It may be truly said that no man does any work perfectly who does not enjoy his work. Joy in one's work is the consummate tool without which the work may be done indeed, but without its finest perfectness. Men who do their work without enjoying it are like men carving statues with hatchets. A man who does his work with thorough enjoyment of it is like an artist who holds an exquisite tool which is almost as obedient to him as his own hand, and almost works intelligently with him.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.



Milton.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and
wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul
more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not
need
Either man's work or his own gifts: Who
best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.
His State
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON.

THE SINGER

GIVE us, O give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time — he will do it better — he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, although past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous — a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law

When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power !
around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,

Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control :
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their
name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from
wrong ;

And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman
let me live!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

THOUGH I am no poet, I have dreams
sometimes: — I dreamed I was at a child's
May-day party, in which every means of
entertainment had been provided for the
children, by a wise and kind host. It was
in a stately house, with beautiful gardens
attached to it; and the children had been
set free in the rooms and gardens, with no
care whatever but how to pass their after-
noon rejoicingly.

They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet, grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing.

And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared, it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits

of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of in-doors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum, full of the most curious shells, and animals, and birds; and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes; and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But, in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children, that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out.

Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children, nearly, were spraining their fingers, in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only, if they could be exchanged for nail-heads.

And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon — even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them.

But no — it was “Who has most nails?

I have a hundred, and you have fifty"; or, "I have a thousand and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace." At last, they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, "What a false dream that is, of *children*. The child is the father of the man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do."

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

OH may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
 live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night
 like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's
 search
To vaster issues.

May I reach
 That purest heaven, be to other souls
 The cup of strength in some great agony,
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty ----
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
 And in diffusion ever more intense.
 So shall I join the choir invisible
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

THE WAR HORSE AND THE SEVEN KINGS

ONCE upon a time, when horses could talk as well as men, the king was presented with a noble steed, the bravest and most beautiful in the world. So the king fed the horse from a golden dish, and kept him in a golden stall, which was hung about with crimson curtains. And on the walls were wreaths of fragrant flowers, and a lamp was kept forever burning, fed with scented oil.

Now it came to pass that seven neighboring kings came up to battle, and the king who owned the horse sent for a knight and offered him the command of all his hosts.

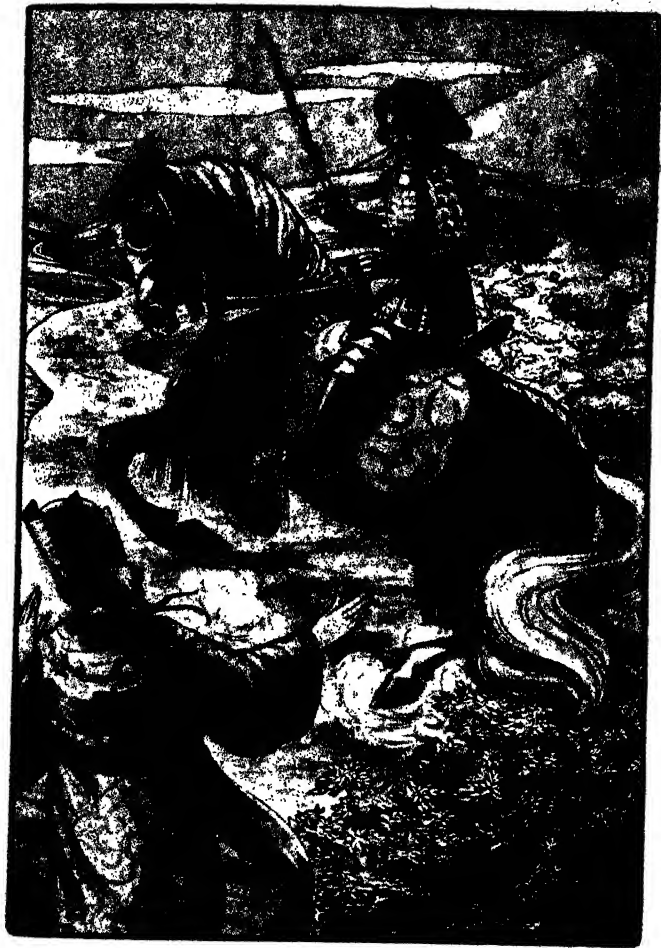
"You are to go out," he said, "and fight with seven kings."

"Gladly will I go," the knight replied, "if I may ride upon your horse."

And the king consented, and so the battle began. On the first day, the knight on the king's horse broke through the ranks of the first king and took him alive a prisoner. On the second day, he served the second king in like manner. But on the sixth day, in capturing the sixth king, the horse was wounded. Then the knight prepared to mount another horse. The wounded steed opened his eyes and saw the knight's intention, and he said to himself, "No other horse can carry him in safety. If he mounts another, the seventh king will kill him. Wounded as I am, he must take me." And he said this to the knight.

Accordingly the knight bound up the horse's wounds, and into the seventh battle he went, and gained the victory as before, capturing the seventh king. But as he led the captive king into his master's court, the horse fell and died. He had given his life to make the victory complete.

Retold from "The Jataka."



“You are to go out and fight with seven kings.”

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner-party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him.

At the end of a year poor Nolan was enlisted body and soul in Burr's cause. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, one and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough,

— that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any-whither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, “By command of his Exc. A. Burr.” The courts dragged on. • The big flies escaped, — rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out in a fit of frenzy, —

“Curse the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness.

Old Morgan was, indeed, terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington

to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say: —

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Then Morgan added, — "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. The court is adjourned without day."

Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. The President approved them, and Philip Nolan was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war, — cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain

always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom, — he always had a stateroom, — which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at best hung heavy;

and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. Among the books was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. Nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, so Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. Well, it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well. Nobody in the circle

knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without thought of what was coming, —

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,” —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically, —

“This is my own, my native land!”

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on, —

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,” —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to

make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he colored crimson, and staggered on, —

- “For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim
 • Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,”—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, and we did not see him for two months again. After he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends, and generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

A happier story than the one I have told is that of the War. That came along soon after. In one of the great frigate duels with

the English, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck, — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time, — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, — making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any

other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,—

“I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

• “I see you are,” said the Commodore, “and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.”

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman’s sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said, —

“Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here.”

And when Nolan came, the captain said, —

“Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches.”

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that wretched day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of cere-

mony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that Nolan might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War with England, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about *the man without a country* one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. Nolan stepped out



Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the negroes could understand."

and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan.

Nolan explained it in such Portuguese as the negroes could understand. Then there was a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, and kissing of Nolan's feet.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was far from the homes of most of them, and their interpreters instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas.*" Vaughan was rather disappointed, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down and said: —

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down

to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that they caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in a barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. As quick as he could get words, he said, —

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me:— "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a

family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy ; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy ; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it ; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, " and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, " never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and

that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother."

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say: — "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison.

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, but he never wrote to me. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, I have received a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. Here is an extract from the letter: —

“LEVANT, 2° 2' S. (@ 131° W.

“DEAR FRED, — I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom, — a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, — and he said he should like to see me. Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine

he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? — Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or

prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, — tell me something, — tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"I tell you, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him, — of emigration, and the means of it, — of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, — of inventions, and books, and literature, — of the colleges and West

Point and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years! And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, ‘Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.’ And I went away.

“I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

“But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile.

“We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text: —

“‘They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.’

“On this slip of paper he had written: —

“‘Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort

Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: —

“IN MEMORY OF
“PHILIP NOLAN,
“*Lieutenant of the Army of the United States.*
“He loved his country as no other man has
loved her; but no man deserved less at
her hands.”

EDWARD EVERETT HALE. *Abridged.*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismay’d?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the saber stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

A LIFE of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an indi-

vidual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive?

You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend,

but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort.

Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune.

But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very

satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heartbreak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, and we would have spared the country those months of gloom

and shame, when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat.

We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we would have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant!

Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days, — let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but

we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them, sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk, busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day, until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound, in the end, to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill. We could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest, or enter into it as beseemed a brave and

high-spirited people ; and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners.

No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity ; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity, to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads, to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand ; for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife ; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them ; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties — duties to the nation and duties to the race.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HERVÉ RIEL

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French, — woe to France !

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,

With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase ;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signaled to the place

“ Help the winners of a race !

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,

Here's the English can and will ! ”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk
and leapt on board ;

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships
like these to pass ! ” laughed they :

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all
the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the *Formidable* here with her twelve
and eighty guns

Think to make the river mouth by the
single narrow way.

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft
of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside ?

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring ? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate :

“ Here's the English at our heels ; would
you have them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together
stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

Better run the ships aground ! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

“Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the ves-
sels on the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

“Give the word!” But no such
word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck
amid all these—

A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—
first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tour-
ville for the fleet,

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the
Croisickese.

And “What mockery or malice have we
here?” cries Hervé Riel:

“Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you
cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took
the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow,
every swell

'Twixt the offing here and Grève where
the river disembogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love
the lying's for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot
of Solidor.

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That
were worse than fifty Hagues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs,
believe me there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,

Have the biggest ship to steer,

Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,

And I lead them, most and least, by a pas-
sage I know well,

Right to Solidor past Grève,

And there lay them safe and
sound

And if one ship misbehave,

— Keel so much as grate the
ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my
head ! ” cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
“Steer us in, then, small and
great !
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squad-
ron ! ” cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place !
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north wind, by God's
grace !
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were
the wide sea's profound !
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that
grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief !
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"
— sure as fate,
Up the English come — too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm :
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with
balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on
the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Cap-
tain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the
thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end.

Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips :
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.

'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my
name's not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed
through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisie Point, what
is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —

Since the others go ashore —
Come ! A good whole holiday !
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call
the Belle Aurore ! ”
That he asked and that he got, — nothing
more.

Name and deed alike are lost :
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had
gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight
whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris : rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank !
You shall look long enough ere you come to
Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy
wife the Belle Aurore !

ROBERT BROWNING.

JOAN OF ARC

WHAT is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that — like the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea — rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny.

But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both

personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the scepter was departing from Judah.

The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she secured for France. She never sang together with them the songs that rose in her native Domrémy, as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent: no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in, as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once — no, not for a moment of weakness — *didst thou* revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! O no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of

France, but she will not hear thee ! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life ; to *do* — never for thyself, always for others ; to *suffer* — never in the persons of generous champions, always in thine own ; that was thy destiny ; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short ; and the sleep which is in the grave is long.

This poor creature — pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious — never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end on every road pouring into

Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints ; — these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it ; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it was for *her* ; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them* ; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them ; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her* !

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, in 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, the Maid of Arc underwent her martyr-

dom. She was conducted before midday, guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air currents.

What else but her meek, saintly demeanor won from the enemies that till now had believed her a witch, tears of rapturous admiration? "Ten thousand men wept"; and of these ten thousand the majority were political enemies knitted together by cords of superstition. What else was it but her constancy, united with her angelic gentleness, that drove the fanatic English soldier — who had sworn to throw a fagot on her scaffold, as *his* tribute of abhorrence, that *did* so, that fulfilled his vow — suddenly to turn away a penitent for life, saying everywhere that he had seen a dove rising upon wings to heaven from the ashes where she had stood? What else drove the executioner to kneel at every shrine for pardon for *his* share in the tragedy! And if all this were insufficient, then I cite the closing act

of her life, as valid on her behalf, were all other testimonies against her.

The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upwards in billowing volumes. A Dominican monk was then standing almost at her side. Wrapped up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did this noblest of girls think only for *him*, the one friend that would not forsake her, and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave *her* to God.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY. *Abridged.*

ORATION OF MARK ANTONY

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interrèd with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to
me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambi-
tion ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spake,
But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, — not without
cause :

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn
for him ?

Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish
beasts,

And men have lost their reason ! — Bear
with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he
there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

Oh, masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and
you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of
Cæsar, —

I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to
read),

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

* * * * *

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd
you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad :

'Tis good you know not that you are his
heirs ;

For, if you should, oh, what would come of it!

* * * * *

Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

* * * * *

You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.

* * * * *

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it.

* * * * *

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his
 mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
 fell.

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, "
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

Oh, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what ! weep you when you but
 behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you
 here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
 traitors.

1st Citizen. Oh, piteous spectacle!

2d Citizen. Oh, noble Cæsar!

3d Citizen. We will be revenged!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!

Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let
me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honor-
able:—

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer
you.

I came not, friends, to steal away your
hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor
worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of
speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor
 dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I
 Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
 tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

INTERWOVEN as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also dear to you. It is justly so : for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad ; of your safety ; of your prosperity ; of that very liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters,

much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country

has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joints efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those, which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial en-

terprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The *East*, in a like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble

community of interest as *one nation*. Any other tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which,

under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. *Abridged.*

THE SHIP OF STATE

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,

And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ON the 4th of March, 1797, Washington went to the inauguration of his successor as President of the United States. The Federal Government was sitting in Philadelphia at that time and Congress held sessions in the courthouse on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets.

At the appointed hour Washington entered the hall followed by John Adams, who was to take the oath of office. When they were seated Washington arose and introduced Mr. Adams to the audience, and then proceeded to read in a firm clear voice his brief valedictory — not his great “Fare-

well Address," for that had already been published. A lady who sat on "the front bench," "immediately in front" of Washington, describes the scene in these words:

"There was a narrow passage from the door of entrance to the room. General Washington stopped at the end to let Mr. Adams pass to the chair. The latter always wore a full suit of bright drab, with loose cuffs to his coat. General Washington's dress was a full suit of black. His military hat had the black cockade. There stood the 'Father of his Country' acknowledged by nations the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. No marshals with gold-colored scarfs attended him; there was no cheering, no noise; the most profound silence greeted him as if the great assembly desired to hear him breathe. Mr. Adams covered his face with both his hands; the sleeves of his coat and his hands were covered with tears. Every now and then there was a suppressed sob. I cannot describe Washington's appearance as I felt it — perfectly composed and self-possessed till the close of his ad-

dress. Then when strong, nervous sobs broke loose, when tears covered the faces, then the great man was shaken. I never took my eyes from his face. Large drops came from his eyes. He looked as if his heart was with them, and would be to the end."

On Washington's retirement from the Presidency one of his employments was to arrange his papers and letters. Then on returning to his home the venerable master found many things to repair. His landed estate comprised eight thousand acres, and was divided into farms, with enclosures and farm buildings. And now with body and mind alike sound and vigorous, he bent his energies to directing the improvements that marked his last days at Mount Vernon.

In his earlier as well as in later life, his tour of the farms would average from eight to twelve or fourteen miles a day. He rode upon his farms entirely unattended, opening his gates, pulling down and putting up his fences as he passed, visiting his laborers at their work, inspecting all the operations of his extensive establishment with a care-

ful eye, directing useful improvements and superintending them in their progress.

He usually rode at a moderate pace in passing through his fields. But when behind time this most punctual of men would display the horsemanship of his earlier days, and a hard gallop would bring him up to time so that the sound of his horse's hoofs and the first dinner bell would be heard together at a quarter before three.

A story is told that one day an elderly stranger meeting a Revolutionary worthy out hunting, a long-trying and valued friend of the chief, accosted him, and asked whether Washington was to be found at the mansion house, or whether he was off riding over his estate. The friend answered that he was visiting his farms, and directed the stranger the road to take, adding, "You will meet, sir, with an old gentleman riding alone in plain drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle-bow—that person, sir, is General Washington."

Precisely at a quarter before three the

industrious farmer returned, dressed, and dined at three o'clock. At this meal he ate heartily, but was not particular in his diet with the exception of fish, of which he was excessively fond. Touching his liking for fish, and illustrative of his practical economy and abhorrence of waste and extravagance, an anecdote is told of the time he was President and living in Philadelphia. It happened that a single shad had been caught in the Delaware, and brought to the city market. His steward, Sam Fraunces, pounced upon the fish with the speed of an osprey, delighted that he had secured a delicacy agreeable to the palate of his chief, and careless of the expense, for which the President had often rebuked him.

When the fish was served Washington suspected the steward had forgotten his order about expenditure for the table and said to Fraunces, who stood at his post at the sideboard, "What fish is this?" "A shad, sir, a very fine shad," the steward answered. "I know Your Excellency is particularly fond of this kind of fish, and was so fortunate as to procure this one — the only one

in market, sir, the first of the season." "The price, sir, the price?" asked Washington, sternly. "Three — three dollars," stammered the conscience-stricken steward. "Take it away," thundered the chief, "take it away, sir! It shall never be said that my table set such an example of luxury and extravagance." Poor Fraunces tremblingly did as he was told, and the first shad of the season was carried away untouched to be speedily discussed in the servants' dining room.

Although the Farmer of Mount Vernon was much retired from the business world, he was by no means inattentive to the progress of public affairs. When the post bag arrived, he would select his letters and lay them aside for reading in the seclusion of his library. The newspapers he would peruse while taking his single cup of tea (his only supper) and read aloud passages of peculiar interest, remarking the matter as he went along. He read with distinctness and precision. These evenings with his family always ended at precisely nine o'clock, when he bade every one good night.

and retired to rest, to rise again at four and renew the same routine of labor and enjoyment.

Washington's last days, like those that preceded them in the course of a long and well-spent life, were devoted to constant and careful employment. His correspondence both at home and abroad was immense. Yet no letter was unanswered. One of the best-bred men of his time, Washington deemed it a grave offense against the rules of good manners and propriety to leave letters unanswered. He wrote with great facility, and it would be a difficult matter to find another who had written so much, who had written so well. General Harry Lee once observed to him, "We are amazed, sir, at the vast amount of work you get through." Washington answered, "Sir, I rise at four o'clock, and a great deal of my work is done while others sleep."

He was the most punctual of men, as we said. To this admirable quality of rising at four and retiring to rest at nine at all seasons, this great man owed his ability to accomplish mighty labors during his long

and illustrious life. He was punctual in everything and made every one about him punctual. So careful a man delighted in always having about him a good time-keeper. In Philadelphia, the first President regularly walked up to his watchmaker's to compare his watch with the regulator. At Mount Vernon the active yet punctual farmer invariably consulted the dial when returning from his morning ride, and before entering his house.

The affairs of the household took order from the master's accurate and methodical arrangement of time. Even the fisherman on the river watched for the cook's signal when to pull in shore and deliver his catch in time for dinner.

Among the picturesque objects on the Potomac, to be seen from the eastern portion of the mansion house, was the light canoe of the house's fisher. Father Jack was an African, a hundred years of age, and although enfeebled in body by weight of years, his mind possessed uncommon vigor. And he would tell of days long past when, under African suns, he was made

captive, and of the terrible battle in which his royal sire was slain, the village burned, and himself sent to the slave ship.

Father Jack had in a considerable degree a leading quality of his race — somnolency. Many an hour could the family of Washington see the canoe fastened to a stake, with the old fisherman bent nearly double enjoying a nap, which was only disturbed by the jerking of the white perch caught on his hook. But, as we just said, the domestic duties of Mount Vernon were governed by clock time, and the slumbers of fisher Jack might occasion inconvenience, for the cook required the fish at a certain hour, so that they might be served smoking hot precisely at three. At times he would go to the river bank and make the accustomed signals, and meet with no response. The old fisherman would be quietly reposing in his canoe, rocked by the gentle undulations of the stream, and dreaming, no doubt, of events “long time ago.” The importunate master of the kitchen, grown ferocious by delay, would now rush up and down the water’s edge, and, by dint of loud shouting,

cause the canoe to turn its prow to the shore. Father Jack, indignant at its being supposed he was asleep at his post, would rate those present on his landing, "What you-all meck such a debil of a noise for, hey? I wa'nt sleep, only noddin'."

The establishment of Mount Vernon employed a perfect army of domestics; yet to each one was assigned special duties, and from each one strict performance was required. There was no confusion where there was order, and the affairs of this estate, embracing thousands of acres and hundreds of dependents, were conducted with as much ease, method, and regularity as the affairs of a homestead of average size.

Mrs. Washington was an accomplished housewife of the olden time, and she gave constant attention to all matters of her household, and by her skill and management greatly contributed to the comfort and entertainment of the guests who enjoyed the hospitality of her home.

The best charities of life were gathered round Washington in the last days at Mount Vernon. The love and veneration of a

whole people for his illustrious services, his generous and untiring labors in the cause of public utility; his kindly demeanor to his family circle, his friends, and numerous dependents; his courteous and cordial hospitality to his guests, many of them strangers from far distant lands; these charities, all of which sprang from the heart, were the ornament of his declining years and granted the most sublime scene in nature, when human greatness reposes upon human happiness.

On the morning of the 17th of December, 1799, the General was engaged in making some improvements in the front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock he was seized with chilliness and nausea, but having changed his clothes he sat down to his indoor work. At night, on joining his family circle, he complained of

a slight indisposition. Upon the night of the following day, having borne acute suffering with composure and fortitude, he died.

In person Washington was unique. He looked like no one else. To a stature lofty and commanding he united a form of the manliest proportions, and a dignified, graceful, and imposing carriage. In the prime of life he stood six feet, two inches. From the period of the Revolution there was an evident bending in his frame so passing straight before, but the stoop came from the cares and toils of that arduous contest rather than from years. For his step was firm, his appearance noble and impressive long after the time when the physical properties of men are supposed to wane.

A majestic height was met by corresponding breadth and firmness. His whole person was so cast in nature's finest mold as to resemble an ancient statue, all of whose parts unite to the perfection of the whole. But with all its development of muscular power, Washington's form had no look of bulkiness, and so harmonious

were its proportions that he did not appear so tall as his portraits have represented. He was rather spare than full during his whole life.

The strength of Washington's arm was shown on several occasions. He threw a stone from the bed of the stream to the top of the Natural Bridge, Virginia, and another stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. The stone was said to be a piece of slate about the size of a dollar with which he spanned the bold river, and it took the ground at least thirty yards on the other side. Many have since tried this feat, but none have cleared the water.

In 1772 some young men were contending at Mount Vernon in the exercise of pitching the bar. The Colonel looked on for a time, then grasping the missile in his master hand he whirled the iron through the air and it fell far beyond any of its former limits. "You see, young gentlemen," said the chief with a smile, "that my arm yet retains some portion of my early vigor." He was then in his fortieth year and probably in the fullness of

his physical powers. Those powers became rather mellowed than decayed by time, for "his age was like lusty winter, frosty yet kindly," and up to his sixty-eighth year he mounted a horse with surprising agility and rode with ease and grace. Rickets, the celebrated equestrian, used to say, "I delight to see the General ride and make it a point to fall in with him when I hear he is out on horseback — his seat is so firm, his management so easy and graceful that I who am an instructor in horsemanship would go to him and learn to ride."

In his later days, the General, desirous of riding pleasantly, procured from the north two horses of a breed for bearing the saddle. They were well to look at, and pleasantly gaited under the saddle, but also scary and therefore unfitted for the service of one who liked to ride quietly on his farm, occasionally dismounting and walking in his fields to inspect improvements. From one of these horses the General sustained a fall — probably the only fall he ever had from a horse in his life. It was upon a November evening, and he was

returning from Alexandria to Mount Vernon with three friends and a groom. Having halted a few moments he dismounted, and upon rising in his stirrup again, the horse, alarmed at the glare from a fire near the roadside, sprang from under his rider who came heavily to the ground. His friends rushed to give him assistance, thinking him hurt. But the vigorous old man was upon his feet again, brushing the dust from his clothes, and after thanking those who came to his aid said that he had had a very complete tumble, and that it was owing to a cause no horseman could well avoid or control — that he was only poised in his stirrup, and had not yet gained his saddle when the scary animal sprang from under him.

Bred in the vigorous school of frontier warfare, “the earth for his bed, his canopy the heavens,” Washington excelled the hunter and woodsman in their athletic habits and in those trials of manhood which filled the hardy days of his early life. He was amazingly swift of foot, and could climb steep mountains seemingly without effort. Indeed in all the tests of his great

physical powers he appeared to make little effort. When he overthrew the strong man of Virginia in wrestling, upon a day when many of the finest athletes were engaged in the contest, he had retired to the shade of a tree intent upon the reading of a book. It was only after the champion of the games strode through the ring calling for nobler antagonists, and taunting the reader with the fear that he would be thrown, that Washington closed his book. Without taking off his coat he calmly observed that fear did not enter his make-up; then grappling with the champion he hurled him to the ground. "In Washington's lion-like grasp," said the vanquished wrestler, "I became powerless, and went down with a force that seemed to jar the very marrow in my bones." The victor, regardless of shouts at his success, leisurely retired to his shade, and again took up his book.

Washington's powers were chiefly in his limbs. His frame was of equal breadth from the shoulders to the hips. His chest was not prominent but rather hollowed in the center. He never entirely recovered

from a pulmonary affection from which he suffered in early life. His frame showed an extraordinary development of bone and muscle; his joints were large, as were his feet; and could a cast of his hand have been preserved, it would be ascribed to a being of a fabulous age. Lafayette said, "I never saw any human being with so large a hand as the General's."

Of the awe and reverence which the presence of Washington inspired we have many records. "I stood," says one writer, "before the door of the Hall of Congress in Philadelphia when the carriage of the President drew up. It was a white coach, or rather of a light cream color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups representing the four seasons. As Washington alighted and, ascending the steps, paused on the platform, he was preceded by two gentlemen bearing large white wands, who kept back the eager crowd that pressed on every side. At that moment I stood so near I might have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with

deepest awe. Nor was this the feeling of the schoolboy I then was. It pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I have been told that even in his social hours, this feeling in those who shared them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterward but never with any other than the same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put a stamp of sacredness upon his instrument. The first sight of the man struck the eye with involuntary homage and prepared everything around him to obey.

“At the time I speak of he stood in profound silence and had the statue-like air which mental greatness alone can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase to the Congressional Hall, I glided along unseen, almost under the cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered into the lobby of the House which was in session to receive him.

“At Washington’s entrance there was a

most profound silence. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in deepest attention. And the souls of the entire assemblage seemed peering from their eyes as the noble figure deliberately and unaffectedly advanced up the broad aisle of the hall between ranks of standing senators and members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the speaker's chair.

"The President having seated himself remained in silence, and the members took their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber.

"Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in full-length portrait—in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee buckles and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with most scrupulous neatness; black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and waist, a light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large rose of black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large

black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and when seated, laid it on the table.

“ At length thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript which he opened, and rising read in a rich, deep, full, sonorous voice his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct, and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity as being the utterance of a mind conscious of the whole responsibility of its position, but not oppressed by it. There was ever about the man something which impressed one with the conviction that he was exactly and fully equal to what he had to do. He was never hurried ; never negligent ; but seemed ever prepared for the occasion, be it what it might. In his study, in his parlor, at a levee, before Congress, at the head of the army, he seemed ever to be just what the situation required. He possessed, in a degree never equaled by any human being I ever saw, the strongest, most ever-present sense of propriety.”

In the early part of Washington's admin-

istration, great complaints were made by political opponents of the aristocratic and royal demeanor of the President. Particularly, these complaints were about the manner of his receiving visitors. In a letter Washington gave account of the origin of his levees: "Before the custom was established," he wrote, "which now accommodates foreign characters, strangers, and others, who, from motives of curiosity, respect for the chief magistrate, or other cause, are induced to call upon me, I was unable to attend to any business whatever; for gentlemen, consulting their own convenience rather than mine, were calling after the time I rose from breakfast, and often before, until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to the choice of one of these alternatives: either to refuse visits altogether, or to appropriate a time for the reception of them. . . . To please everybody was impossible. I, therefore, adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience. . . . These visits are optional, they are made without invitation; between the hours

of three and four every Tuesday I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shows them into the room, and they retire from it when they choose, without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can I talk to."

An English gentleman after visiting President Washington wrote: "There was a commanding air in his appearance which excited respect and forbade too great a freedom toward him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement, too, there was a polite gracefulness equal to any met with in the most polished individuals of Europe, and his smile was extraordinarily attractive. . . . It struck me no man could be better formed for command. A stature of six feet, a robust but well-proportioned frame calculated to stand fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength and abates active exertion, displayed bodily power of no mean standard. A light eye and full — the

very eye of genius and reflection. His nose appeared thick, and though it befitted his other features was too coarsely and strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other I ever saw: the lips firm, and the underjaw seeming to grasp the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still."

Such Washington appeared to those who saw and knew him. Such he remains to our vision. His memory is held by us in undying honor. Not only his memory alone but also the memory of his associates in the struggle for American Independence. Homage we should have in our hearts for those patriots and heroes and sages who with humble means raised their native land -- now our native land -- from the depths of dependence, and made it a free nation. And especially for Washington, who presided over the nation's course at the beginning of the great experiment in self-government and, after an unexampled career in the service of freedom and our human kind, with no dimming of august fame, died calmly at Mount Vernon -- the Father of his Country.

G. W. PARKE CUSTIS. *Adapted by H. W. MABIE.*

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed

The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, and flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past ;
No war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was " Victory or death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain ;

And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide ;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound

Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave :
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield ;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood ye gave ;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave ;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,

When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the seventeenth, when the British came on the field, and took up their bivouac for the night in the order of battle in which they were to fight the next day. It was much later before Napoleon reached the heights of Belle Alliance in person, and his army did not come up in full force till the morning of the eighteenth.

The French force on the field consisted probably of about 75,000 men. The English army did not exceed that number, at the highest computation. Each army was commanded by the chief, under whom they had offered to defy the world. So far the forces were equal. But the French had the very

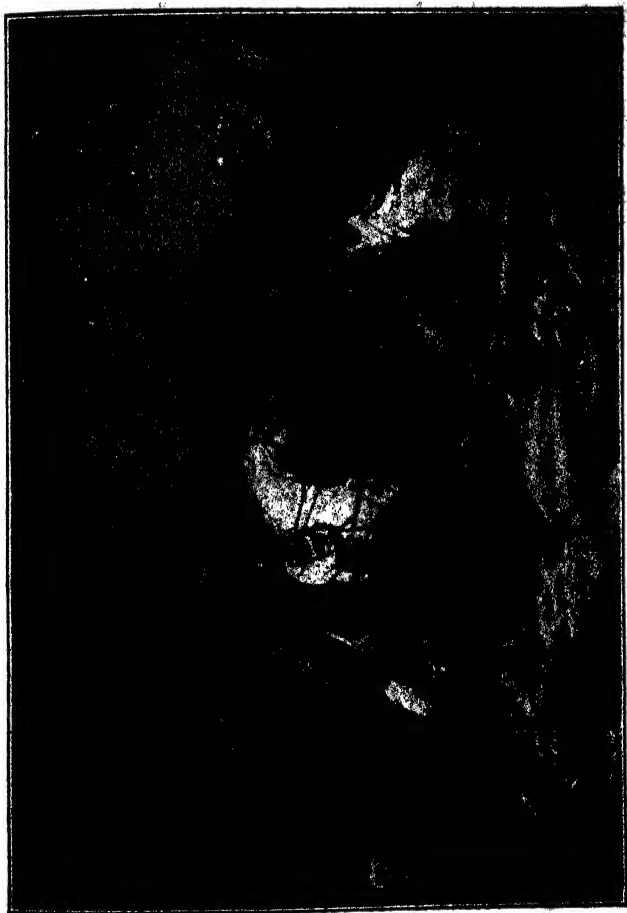
great advantage of being trained and experienced soldiers of the same nation, whereas the English, in the Duke of Wellington's army, did not exceed 35,000; and although the German Legion were veteran troops, the other soldiers under his command were those of the German contingents, lately levied, unaccustomed to act together, and in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged; so that it would have been imprudent to trust more to their assistance and coöperation than could possibly be avoided. In Bonaparte's mode of calculating, allowing one Frenchman to stand as equal to one Englishman, and one Englishman or Frenchman against two of any other nation, the inequality of force on the Duke of Wellington's side was very considerable.

The plans of these two great generals were extremely simple. The object of the Duke of Wellington was to maintain his line of defense, until the Prussians, coming up, should give him a decided superiority of force. They were expected about eleven or twelve o'clock; but the extreme badness of the

roads, owing to the violence of the storm, detained them several hours later.

Napoleon's scheme was equally plain and decided. He trusted, by his usual rapidity of attack, to break and destroy the British army, before the Prussians should arrive in the field ; after which, he calculated to have an opportunity of destroying the Prussians, by attacking them on their march through the broken ground interposed betwixt them and the British. In these expectations he was the more confident, that he believed Grouchy's force, detached on the seventeenth in pursuit of Blücher, was sufficient to retard, if not altogether to check, the march of the Prussians. His grounds for entertaining this latter opinion, were, as we shall afterwards show, too hastily adopted.

Commencing the action according to his usual system, Napoleon kept his Guard in reserve, in order to take opportunity of charging with them, when repeated attacks of column after column, and squadron after squadron, should induce his wearied enemy to show some symptoms of irresolution. But Napoleon's movements were not very



The Battle of Waterloo.

rapid. His army had suffered by the storm even more than the English, who were in bivouac at three in the afternoon of the seventeenth of June; while the French were still under march, and could not get into line on the heights of La Belle Alliance until ten or eleven o'clock of the eighteenth. The English army had thus some leisure to take food, and to prepare their arms before the action; and Napoleon lost several hours ere he could commence the attack. Time was, indeed, inestimably precious for both parties, and hours, nay, minutes, were of importance. But of this Napoleon was less aware than was the Duke of Wellington.

The tempest, which had raged with tropical violence all night, abated in the morning; but the weather continued gusty and stormy during the whole day. Betwixt eleven and twelve, before noon, on the memorable eighteenth of June, this dreadful and decisive action commenced, with a cannonade on the part of the French, instantly followed by an attack, commanded by Jerome, on the advanced post of Houg-

mont. The troops of Nassau, which occupied the wood around the château, were driven out by the French, but the utmost efforts of the assailants were unable to force the house, garden, and farm offices, which a party of the guards sustained with the most dauntless resolution. The French redoubled their efforts, and precipitated themselves in numbers on the exterior hedge which screens the garden wall, not perhaps aware of the internal defense afforded by the latter. They fell in great numbers on this point by the fire of the defenders, to which they were exposed in every direction. The number of their troops, however, enabled them, by possession of the wood, to mask Hougomont for a time, and to push on with their cavalry and artillery against the British right, which formed in squares to receive them. The fire was incessant, but without apparent advantage on either side. The attack was at length repelled so far that the British again opened their communication with Hougomont, and that important garrison was reënforced by Colonel Hepburn and a body of the guards.

Meantime, the fire of artillery having become general along the line, the force of the French attack was transferred to the British center. It was made with the most desperate fury, and received with the most stubborn resolution. The assault was here made upon the farmhouse of Saint Jean by four columns of infantry, and a large mass of cuirassiers, who took the advance. The cuirassiers came with the utmost intrepidity along the Genappe causeway, where they were encountered and charged by the English heavy cavalry; and a combat was maintained at the sword's point, till the French were driven back on their own position, where they were protected by their artillery. The four columns of French infantry, engaged in the same attack, forced their way forward beyond the farm of La Haye Sainte, and, dispersing a Belgian regiment, were in the act of establishing themselves in the center of the British position, when they were attacked by the brigade of General Pack, brought up from the second line by General Picton, while, at the same time, a brigade of British heavy cavalry wheeled round

their own infantry, and attacked the French charging columns in flank, at the moment when they were checked by the fire of the musketry. The results were decisive. The French columns were broken with great slaughter, and two eagles, with more than two thousand men, were made prisoners. The latter were sent instantly off for Brussels.

At half past six, or thereabouts, the second grand division of the Prussian army began to enter into communication with the British left, by the village of Ohain, while Bülow pressed forward from Chapelle Lambert on the French right and rear, by a hollow, or valley, called Frischemont. It now became evident that the Prussians were to enter seriously into the battle, and with great force. Napoleon had still the means of opposing them, and of achieving a retreat, at the certainty, however, of being attacked upon the ensuing day by the combined armies of Britain and Prussia. His celebrated Guard had not yet taken any part in the conflict, and would now have been capable of affording him protection after a battle which,

hitherto, he had fought at disadvantage, but without being defeated. But the circumstances by which he was surrounded must have pressed on his mind at once. He had no succor to look for; a reunion with Grouchy was the only resource which could strengthen his forces; the Russians were advancing upon the Rhine with forced marches; the Republicans at Paris were agitating schemes against his authority. It seemed as if all must be decided on that day, and on that field. Surrounded by these ill-omened circumstances, a desperate effort for victory, ere the Prussians could act effectually, might perhaps yet drive the English from their position; and he determined to venture on this daring experiment.

About seven o'clock, Napoleon's Guard were formed in two columns, under his own eye, near the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance. They were put under command of the dauntless Ney. Bonaparte told the soldiers, and, indeed, imposed the same fiction on their commander, that the Prussians whom they saw on the right were

retreating before Grouchy. Perhaps he might himself believe that this was true. The Guard answered for the last time, with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, and moved resolutely forward, having for their support four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve, who stood prepared to protect the advance of their comrades. A gradual change had taken place in the English line of battle, in consequence of the repeated repulse of the French. Advancing by slow degrees, the right, which, at the beginning of the conflict, presented a segment of a convex circle, now resembled one that was concave, the extreme right, which had been thrown back, being now rather brought forward, so that their fire both of artillery and infantry fell upon the flank of the French, who had also to sustain that which was poured on their front from the heights. The British were arranged in a line of four men deep, to meet the advancing columns of the French Guard, and poured upon them a storm of musketry which never ceased an instant. The soldiers fired independently, as it is called; each man loading and discharging his piece

as fast as he could. At length the British moved forward, as if to close round the heads of the columns, and at the same time continued to pour their shot upon the enemy's flanks. The French gallantly attempted to deploy, for the purpose of returning the discharge. But in their effort to do so, under so dreadful a fire, they stopped, staggered, became disordered, were blended into one mass, and at length gave way, retreating, or rather flying, in the utmost confusion. This was the last effort of the enemy, and Napoleon gave orders for the retreat; to protect which, he had now no troops left save the last four battalions of the Old Guard, which had been stationed in the rear of the attacking columns. These threw themselves into squares, and stood firm. But at this moment the Duke of Wellington commanded the whole British line to advance, so that whatever the bravery and skill of these gallant veterans, they also were thrown into disorder, and swept away in the general rout, in spite of the efforts of Ney, who, having had his horse killed, fought sword in hand, and on foot, in

the front of the battle, till the very last. That *maréchal*, whose military virtues at least cannot be challenged, bore personal evidence against two circumstances, industriously circulated by the friends of Napoleon. One of these fictions occurs in his own bulletin, which charges the loss of the battle to a panic fear, brought about by the treachery of some unknown persons, who raised the cry of "*Sauve qui peut.*" Another figment, greedily credited at Paris, was, that the four battalions of Old Guard, the last who maintained the semblance of order, answered a summons to surrender, by the magnanimous reply, "The Guard can die, but cannot yield." And one edition of the story adds, that thereupon the battalions made a half wheel inwards, and discharged their muskets into each other's bosoms, to save themselves from dying by the hands of the English. Neither the original reply, nor the pretended self-sacrifice of the Guard, has the slightest foundation. Cambronne, in whose mouth the speech was placed, gave up his sword, and remained prisoner; and the military conduct of the French

Guard is better eulogized by the undisputed truth, that they fought to extremity, with the most unyielding constancy, than by imputing to them an act of regimental suicide upon the lost field of battle. Every attribute of brave men they have a just right to claim. It is no compliment to ascribe to them the act of madmen. Whether the words were used by Cambronne or no, the Guard well deserved to have them inscribed on their monument.

WALTER SCOTT. *Abridged.*

SCOTS WHA HAE

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY, BEFORE
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power —
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
• Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

ROBERT BURNS.

THE FOUR WREATHS

At one time, when Brahmadata was king in Benares, there was a great festival in the town, and the gods came down out of the sky to see it. The gods were crowned with

wreaths of flowers, whose perfume filled the streets. So the people begged for the celestial flowers.

"You have many more," they said, "where you come from. Give a few to us."

But the gods answered, "These are only for the good."

And one of the gods held out a wreath and sang,

"He that from thievish act refrains,
His tongue from lying word restrains,
And reaching dizzy heights of fame
Still keeps his head,—this flower may claim."

And one of the crowd, who was a good man outwardly but bad at heart, thought within himself, "I may claim that: nobody will know the difference." So he spoke up and said, "I am endued with these qualities." And the wreath was put upon his head.

And another god held out a wreath and sang,

"He that should honest wealth pursue
And riches gained by fraud eschew,
In pleasure gross excess would shun,
This heavenly flower has duly won."

"That describes me," said the false man, and the second wreath was placed upon his head.

Then, with boldness increased by his success, he approached the third god, and asked that the third wreath should encircle his brow.

And the god said,

"He who choicest food can scorn,
Who from his task is never torn,
Who keeps his faith unchanged for aye,
To him this flower I'll not deny."

And the false man said: "I have ever lived on the simplest fare. I have been ever steadfast of purpose, and loyal in my faith. Therefore give *me* the wreath."

And the third wreath was bestowed upon him.

And still a fourth god held out a wreath and sang,

"He that good man will ne'er attack
When present, nor behind his back,
And all he says fulfills in deed,
This flower may claim as his due meed."

"I claim it, then," cried the deceiver. And the fourth wreath was added to the others.

So the festival proceeded, to the satisfaction of the gods, and back they went into the sky. But that night the wicked Brahmin's head began to ache. He felt as though he were being beaten with a rod of iron. At last, so fierce was the pain that he confessed his falsehood. "I am not such a person as I claimed to be," he said. But his friends could not tear the flowers from his head. They were fastened as with bands of steel.

Finally, when they had cried to the gods and got no answer, they arranged another festival. And, sure enough, the gods came down to see it. And the man bowed before the gods, and confessed his wickedness, crying, "My lords, spare my life." So the gods rebuked him before all the people, and taking the four wreaths went back to their home beyond the sky.

Retold from "The Jātaka."

"SAY, WHAT IS HONOR?"

SAY, what is Honor? — 'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,

And guard the way of life from all offense
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honor is hopeful elevation, — whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms
 unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the
 dust —

A Foe's most favorite purpose to fulfill:
Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust
Are forfeited; but infamy doth kill.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE CARRONADE

ONE of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had broken loose.

This is the most dangerous accident that can possibly take place on shipboard. Nothing more terrible can happen to a sloop of war in open sea and under full sail.

A cannon that breaks its moorings suddenly becomes some strange, supernatural

beast. It is a machine transformed into a monster. That short mass on wheels moves like a billiard-ball, rolls with the rolling of the ship, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, starts on its course again, shoots like an arrow, from one end of the vessel to the other, whirls around, slips away, dodges, rears, bangs, crashes, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram capriciously assaulting a wall. Add to this the fact that the ram is of metal, the wall of wood.

It is matter set free; one might say, this eternal slave was avenging itself; it seems as if the total depravity concealed in what we call inanimate things had escaped, and burst forth all of a sudden; it appears to lose patience, and to take a strange mysterious revenge; nothing more relentless than this wrath of the inanimate. This enraged lump leaps like a panther, it has the clumsiness of an elephant, the nimbleness of a mouse, the obstinacy of an ax, the uncertainty of the billows, the zigzag of the lightning, the deafness of the grave. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like

a child's ball. It spins and then abruptly darts off at right angles.

And what is to be done? How put an end to it? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes over, a wind dies down, a broken mast can be replaced, a leak can be stopped, a fire extinguished, but what will become of this enormous brute of bronze? How can it be captured? You can reason with a bulldog, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, tame a lion; but you have no resources against this monster, a loose cannon. You cannot kill it, it is dead; and at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life which comes to it from the infinite. The deck beneath it gives it full swing. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a toy. The ship, the waves, the winds, all play with it, hence its frightful animation. What is to be done with this apparatus? How fetter this stupendous engine of destruction? How anticipate its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of its blows on the side of the ship may stave it in. How

foretell its frightful meanderings? It is dealing with a projectile, which alters its mind, which seems to have ideas, and changes its direction every instant. How check the course of what must be avoided? The horrible cannon struggles, advances, backs, strikes right, strikes left, retreats, passes by, disconcerts expectation, grinds up obstacles, crushes men like flies. All the terror of the situation is in the fluctuations of the flooring. How fight an inclined plane subject to caprices? The ship has, so to speak, in its belly, an imprisoned thunder-storm, striving to escape; something like a thunderbolt rumbling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew was on foot. It was the fault of the gun captain, who had neglected to fasten the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had insecurely clogged the four wheels of the gun carriage; this gave play to the sole and the framework, separated the two platforms, and finally the breeching. The tackle had given way, so that the cannon was no longer firm on its carriage. The stationary breeching, which prevents recoil, was not in use at this time.

A heavy sea struck the port, the carronade, insecurely fastened, had recoiled and broken its chain, and began its terrible course over the deck.

To form an idea of this strange sliding, let one image a drop of water running over glass.

At the moment when the fastenings gave way, the gunners were in the battery. Some in groups, others scattered about, busied with the customary work among sailors getting ready for a signal for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching of the vessel, made a gap in this crowd of men and crushed four at the first blow; then sliding back and shot out again as the ship rolled, it cut in two a fifth unfortunate, and knocked a piece of the battery against the larboard side with such force as to unship it. This caused the cry of distress just heard. All the men rushed to the companion-way. The gun deck was vacated in a twinkling.

The enormous gun was left alone. It was given up to itself. It was its own master, and master of the ship. It could do what

it pleased. This whole crew, accustomed to laugh in time of battle, now trembled. To describe the terror is impossible.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant la Vieuville, although both dauntless men, stopped at the head of the companion-way and dumb, pale, and hesitating, looked down on the deck below. Some one elbowed past and went down.

It was their passenger, the peasant, the man of whom they had just been speaking a moment before.

Reaching the foot of the companion-way, he stopped.

II

The cannon was rushing **back** and forth on the deck. One might have supposed it to be the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern swinging overhead added a dizzy shifting of light and shade to the picture. The form of the cannon disappeared in the violence of its course, and it looked now black in the light, now mysteriously white in the darkness.

It went on in its destructive work. It had already shattered four other guns and made two gaps in the side of the ship, fortunately above the water-line, but where the water would come in, in case of heavy weather. It rushed frantically against the framework; the strong timbers withstood the shock; the curved shape of the wood gave them great power of resistance; but they creaked beneath the blows of this huge club, beating on all sides at once, with a strange sort of ubiquity. The percussions of a grain of shot shaken in a bottle are not swifter or more senseless. The four wheels passed back and forth over the dead men, cutting them, carving them, slashing them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling across the deck; the heads of the dead men seemed to cry out; streams of blood curled over the deck with the rolling of the vessel; the planks, damaged in several places, began to gape open. The whole ship was filled with the horrid noise and confusion.

The captain promptly recovered his presence of mind and ordered everything that

could check and impede the cannon's mad course to be thrown through the hatchway down on the gun deck — mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags belonging to the crew, and bales of counterfeit assignats, of which the corvette carried a large quantity — a characteristic piece of English villainy regarded as legitimate warfare.

But what could these rags do? As nobody dared to go below to dispose of them properly, they were reduced to lint in a few minutes.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as bad as possible. A tempest would have been desirable, for it might have upset the cannon, and with its four wheels once in the air there would be some hope of getting it under control. Meanwhile, the havoc increased.

There were splits and fractures in the masts, which are set into the framework of the keel and rise above the decks of ships like great, round pillars. The convulsive blows of the cannon had cracked the mizzen-mast, and had cut into the main-mast.

The battery was being ruined. Ten pieces out of thirty were disabled; the breaches in the side of the vessel were increasing, and the corvette was beginning to leak.

The old passenger, having gone down to the gun deck, stood like a man of stone at the foot of the steps. He cast a stern glance over this scene of devastation. He did not move. It seemed impossible to take a step forward. Every movement of the loose carronade threatened the ship's destruction. A few moments more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a speedy end to the disaster; some course must be decided on; but what? What an opponent was this carronade! Something must be done to stop this terrible madness to capture this lightning — to overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville, —

“Do you believe in God, chevalier?”

La Vieuville replied: “Yes — no. Sometimes.”

“During a tempest?”

“Yes, and in moments like this.”

"God alone can save us from this," said Boisberthelot.

Everybody was silent, letting the carronade continue its horrible din.

Outside, the waves beating against the ship responded with their blows to the shocks of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, in the midst of this inaccessible ring, where the escaped cannon was leaping, a man was seen to appear, with an iron bar in his hand. He was the author of the catastrophe, the captain of the gun, guilty of criminal carelessness, and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the mischief, he was anxious to repair it. He had seized the iron bar in one hand, a tiller-rope with a slip-noose in the other, and jumped down the hatchway to the gun deck.

Then began an awful sight; a Titanic scene; the contest between gun and gunner; the battle of matter and intelligence, the duel between man and the inanimate.

The man stationed himself in a corner, and with bar and rope in his two hands, he

leaned against one of the riders, braced himself on his legs, which seemed two steel posts, and livid, calm, tragic, as if rooted to the deck, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass by him. The gunner knew his gun, and it seemed to him as if the gun ought to know him. He had lived long with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its mouth! It was his own familiar monster. He began to speak to it as if it were his dog.

"Come!" he said. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish it to come to him.

But to come to him was to come upon him. And then he would be lost. How could he avoid being crushed? That was the question. All looked on in terror.

Not a breast breathed freely, unless perhaps that of the old man, who was alone in the battery with the two contestants, a stern witness.

He might be crushed himself by the cannon. He did not stir.

Beneath them the sea blindly directed the contest.

At the moment when the gunner, accept-

ing this frightful hand-to-hand conflict, challenged the cannon, some chance rocking of the sea caused the carronade to remain for an instant motionless and as if stupefied. "Come, now!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it leaped towards him. The man dodged the blow.

The battle began. Battle unprecedented. Frailty struggling against the invulnerable. The gladiator of flesh attacking the beast of brass. On one side, brute force; on the other, a human soul.

All this was taking place in semi-darkness. It was like the shadowy vision of a miracle.

A soul — strange to say, one would have thought the cannon also had a soul; but a soul full of hatred and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to lie in wait for the man. One would have at least believed that there was craft in this mass. It also chose its time. It was a strange, gigantic insect of metal, having or seeming to have the will of a demon. For a moment this colossal locust would beat against the low ceiling overhead,

then it would come down on the four wheels like a tiger on its four paws, and begin to run at the man. He, supple, nimble, expert, writhed away like an adder from all these lightning movements. He avoided a collision, but the blows which he parried fell against the vessel, and continued their work of destruction.

An end of broken chain was left hanging to the carronade. This chain had in some strange way become twisted about the screw of the cascabel. One end of the chain was fastened to the gun carriage. The other, left loose, whirled desperately about the cannon, making all its blows more dangerous.

The screw held it in a firm grip, adding a thong to a battering-ram, making a terrible whirlwind around the cannon, an iron last in a brazen hand. This chain complicated the contest.

However, the man went on fighting. Occasionally, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he would creep along the side of the vessel, bar and rope in hand; and the cannon, as if it understood, and as though

suspecting some snare, would flee away. The man, bent on victory, pursued it.

Such things cannot long continue. The cannon seemed to say to itself, all of a sudden, "Come, now! Make an end of it!" and it stopped. One felt that the crisis was at hand. The cannon, as if in suspense, seemed to have, or really had — for to all it was a living being — a ferocious malice pre-pense. It made a sudden, quick dash at the gunner. The gunner sprang out of the way, let it pass by, and cried out to it with a laugh, "Try it again!" The cannon, as if enraged, smashed a carronade on the port side; then, again seized by the invisible sling which controlled it, it was hurled to the starboard side at the man, who made his escape. Three carronades gave way under the blows of the cannon; then, as if blind and not knowing what more to do, it turned its back on the man, rolled from stern to bow, injured the stern and made a breach in the planking of the prow. The man took refuge at the foot of the steps, not far from the old man who was looking on. The gunner held his iron bar in rest. The cannon

seemed to notice it, and without taking the trouble to turn around, slid back on the man, swift as the blow of an ax. The man, driven against the side of the ship, was lost. The whole crew cried out with horror.

. But the old passenger, till this moment motionless, darted forth more quickly than any of this wildly swift rapidity. He seized a package of counterfeit assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade. This decisive and perilous movement could not have been made with more exactness and precision by a man trained in all the exercises described in Durosels "Manual of Gun Practice at Sea."

The package had the effect of a clog. A pebble may stop a log, the branch of a tree turn aside an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, taking advantage of this critical opportunity, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon stopped. It leaned forward. The man, using the bar as a lever, held it in equilibrium. The heavy mass was overthrown with the crash of a falling bell,

and the man, rushing with all his might, dripping with perspiration, passed the slip-noose around the bronze neck of the subdued monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered.

The ant had control over the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The mariners and sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew rushed forward with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was secured.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassive attitude, and made no reply.

The man had conquered, but the cannon might be said to have conquered as well. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was not saved. The damage to the vessel seemed beyond repair. There were five breaches in her sides, one, very large, in the bow; twenty of the thirty carronades lay useless in their frames. The one which had just been captured and chained

again was disabled; the screw of the cas-cabel was sprung, and consequently leveling the gun was made impossible. The battery was reduced to nine pieces. The ship was leaking. It was necessary to repair the damages at once, and to work the pumps.

The gun deck, now that one could look over it, was frightful to behold. The inside of an infuriated elephant's cage would not be more completely demolished.

However great might be the necessity of escaping observation, the necessity of immediate safety was still more imperative to the corvette. They had been obliged to light up the deck with lanterns hung here and there on the sides.

However, all the while this tragic play was going on, the crew were absorbed by a question of life and death, and they were wholly ignorant of what was taking place outside the vessel. The fog had grown thicker; the weather had changed; the wind had worked its pleasure with the ship; they were out of their course, with Jersey and Guernsey close at hand, farther to the south than they ought to have been, and in

the midst of a heavy sea. Great billows kissed the gaping wounds of the vessel — kisses full of danger. The rocking of the sea threatened destruction. The breeze had become a gale. A squall, a tempest, perhaps, was brewing. It was impossible to see four waves ahead.

While the crew were hastily repairing the damages to the gun deck, stopping the leaks, and putting in place the guns which had been uninjured in the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck again.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had not noticed a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier de la Vienville had drawn up the marines in line on both sides of the mainmast, and at the sound of the boatswain's whistle the sailors formed in line, standing on the yards.

The Count de Boisberthelot approached the passenger.

Behind the captain walked a man, haggard, out of breath, his dress disordered, but still with a look of satisfaction on his face.

It was the gunner who had just shown himself so skillful in subduing monsters, and who had gained the mastery over the cannon.

The count gave the military salute to the old man in peasant's dress, and said to him, —

“General, there is the man.”

The gunner remained standing, with downcast eyes, in military attitude.

The Count de Boisberthelot continued, —

“General, in consideration of what this man has done, do you not think there is something due him from his commander?”

“I think so,” said the old man.

“Please give your orders,” replied Boisberthelot.

“It is for you to give them, you are the captain.”

“But you are the general,” replied Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

“Come forward,” he said.

The gunner approached.

The old man turned towards the Count de Boisberthelot, took off the cross of Saint-

Louis from the captain's coat and fastened it on the gunner's jacket.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The mariners presented arms.

And the old passenger pointing to the dazzled gunner, added, —

"Now, have this man shot."

Dismay succeeded the cheering.

Then in the midst of the death-like stillness, the old man raised his voice and said :

"Carelessness has compromised this vessel. At this very hour, it is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to be in front of the enemy. A ship making a voyage is an army waging war. The tempest is concealed, but it is at hand. The whole sea is an ambuscade. Death is the penalty of any misdemeanor committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage should be rewarded, and negligence punished."

These words fell one after another, slowly, solemnly, in a sort of inexorable meter, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the man, looking at the soldiers, added, —

"Let it be done."

The man, on whose jacket hung the shining cross of Saint-Louis, bowed his head.

At a signal from Count de Boisberthelot, two sailors went below and came back bringing the hammock-shroud ; the chaplain, who since they sailed had been in prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors ; a sergeant detached twelve marines from the line and arranged them in two files, six by six ; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood beside him. " March," said the sergeant. The platoon marched with slow steps to the bow of the vessel. The two sailors, carrying the shroud, followed. A gloomy silence fell over the vessel. A hurricane howled in the distance.

A few moments later, a light flashed, a report sounded through the darkness, then all was still, and the sound of a body falling into the sea was heard.

The old passenger, still leaning against the mainmast, had crossed his arms, and was buried in thought.

OUR MOTHER TONGUE

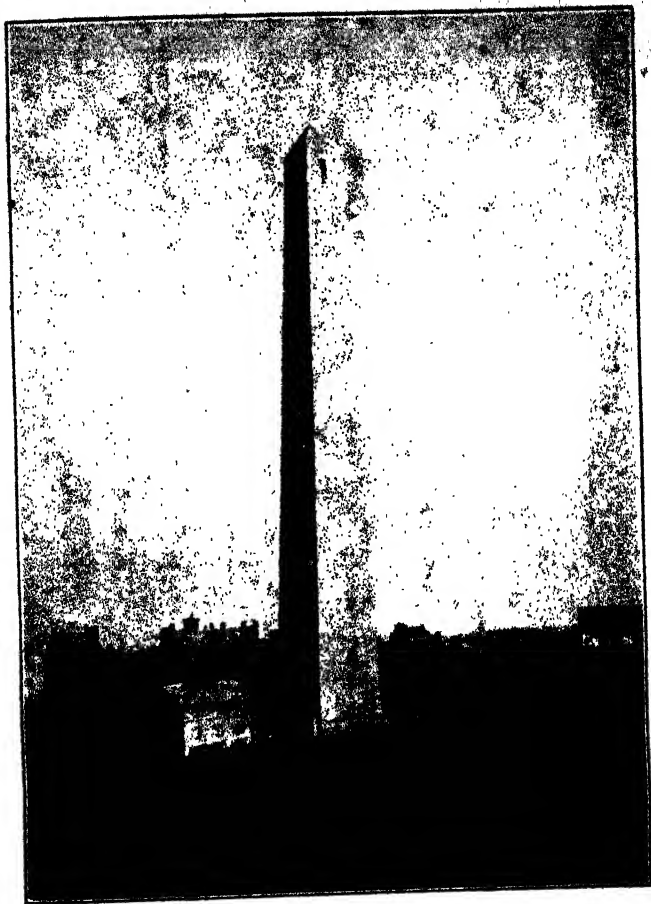
BEYOND the vague Atlantic deep,
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where forest-glooms the nerve appall,
Where burns the radiant western fall,
One duty lies on old and young, —
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward,
The glory of the English tongue.
That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.
Preserve its force — expand its powers;
And through the maze of civic life,
In Letters, Commerce, even in Strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

ON LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF
THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

VENERABLE men! you have come down
to us from a former generation. Heaven
has bounteously lengthened out your lives,

LAYING CORNER STONE OF BUNKER HILL 315



Bunker Hill Monument.

that you might behold this joyous day
You are now where you stood fifty years ago,
this very hour, with your brothers and your
neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the
strife of your country. Behold, how altered!
The same heavens are indeed over your
heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet;
but all else how changed! You hear now
no roar of hostile cannon; you see no
mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising
from burning Charlestown. The ground
strewn with the dead and the dying; the
impetuous charge; the steady and success-
ful repulse; the loud call to repeated as-
sault; the summoning of all that is manly
to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms
freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to
whatever of terror there may be in war and
death—all these you have witnessed, but
you witness them no more. All is peace.
The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers
and roofs, which you then saw filled with
wives and children and countrymen in dis-
tress and terror, and looking with unutter-
able emotions for the issue of the combat,
have presented you to-day with the sight of

its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to

know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

“ Another morn,
Risen on mid-noon; ” —

and the sky on which you closed your eyes
was cloudless.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: “ Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.”

“ Come, wander with me,” she said,
“ Into regions yet untrod ;

And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says, " Hark !
For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return ! "

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER is a natural power, like light and heat, and all nature coöperates with it. The reason why we feel one man's presence and do not feel another's is as simple as gravity. Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. This natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force. We can drive a stone upward for a moment into the air, but it is yet true that all stones will forever fall; and whatever instances can be quoted of unpunished theft, or of a lie which somebody credited, justice must prevail, and it is the privilege of truth to make itself believed. Character is this moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. An individual is an incloser. Time and space, liberty and

necessity, truth and thought, are left at large no longer. Now, the universe is a close or pound. All things exist in the man tinged with the manners of his soul. With what quality is in him, he infuses all nature that he can reach; nor does he tend to lose himself in vastness, but, at how long a curve soever, all his regards return into his own good at last. He animates all he can, and he sees only what he animates. He incloses the world, as the patriot does his country, as a material basis for his character, and a theater for action. A healthy soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object betwixt them and the sun, and whoso journeys towards the sun, journeys towards that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all who are not on the same level. Thus, men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked
clown

Of thee from the hill-top looking down ;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm ;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine
height ;

Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

All are needed by each one ;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even ;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and
sky ; —

He sang to my ear, — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave

Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam.
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild
uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the
cage ; —

The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, " I covet truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat ;
I leave it behind with the games of youth : " —
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;

I inhaled the violet's breath ;
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground ;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird ; —
Beauty through my senses stole ;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CAPTAIN SCOTT

THIS love for his fellow-men and willingness to risk his life for their safety was not confined to his experience on the Rock. He never referred to any of these deeds thereafter ; — never believed really that he had done anything out of the ordinary. I myself had been with him for two years before I learned of the particular act of heroism which I am now about to relate — and only then from one of his men — an act which was the talk of the country for days, and the subject of many of the illustrations of the time. I give it as it was told me, and

word for word as I have given it before. I do so the more willingly and without excuse for its repetition here because it not only illustrates the courageous but the tender, human side of the man. I give it gladly, because the reading and rereading of such deeds helps to keep alive in the hearts of our people that reverence for heroism which of late seems to be on the wane among us. Our so-called up-to-date literature is responsible for some of it; the absorption of our people in the material things of life for much of it. Our heroes of to-day are often the targets of the morrow. The thrill that sent the blood of our young men rushing through their veins when the oft-told story of Valley Forge, Bunker Hill, or Gettysburg was poured into their ears, is nothing to the breathless interest with which many of them read the headlines of a newspaper that tell of ruined homes, wrecked reputations, and the misery and suffering involved. Now and then, it is true, when some brave fireman crawls along a burning ledge, or the gateman on a ferry boat risks his life to save a would-be suicide, with the result that some

official pins a medal on his chest, the heroic act wins a place, but the record rarely covers more than ten lines of the issue, and even then with the most important facts left out.

Of this incident it can be safely said that nothing has been left out. Best of all—it has been confirmed in all its details by the hero himself, after a corkscrewing on my part that lasted for hours.

But to the story:—

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferry boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. The weather had been bitterly cold for weeks, and the keen northwest wind had blown the great fields of floating ice into a hard pack along the New York shore. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and the children standing inside the cabins, a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid

her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V-shaped gash. The next instant a shriek went up from hundreds of throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug *Reliance* of the Off-shore Wrecking Company, making her way cautiously up the New Jersey shore to coal at Weehawken. On her deck forward, sighting the heavy cakes, and calling out cautionary orders to the mate in the pilot house, stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferry boat, he sprang forward, stooped

down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath ran the nose of the *Reliance* along the rail of the ferry boat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

If he had fallen from a passing cloud, the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught his hands. Women sank on their knees and hugged their children, and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board. Tearing a life preserver from the man nearest him and throwing it overboard, he backed the coward ahead of him through the swaying mob, ordering the people to stand clear, and forcing the whole mass to the starboard side. The increased weight gradually righted the stricken boat until she regained a nearly even keel.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine-room, met the engineer halfway up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks,



The, effect could not have been more startling."

stripped off blankets, racks of clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater, until the space of each broken plank was replaced, except one. Through and over this space the water still combed, deluging the floors and swashing down between the gratings into the hold below.

"Another mattress," he cried, "quick! All gone? — A blanket, then — carpet — anything — five minutes more and she'll right herself. Quick, for God's sake!"

It was useless. Everything, even to the oil-rags, had been used.

"Your coat, then. Think of the babies, man, — do you hear them?"

Coats and vests were off in an instant; the engineer on his knees bracing the shattered planking, Captain Scott forcing the garments into the splintered openings.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be recalked, and only to rush in again.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if unde-

cided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, had forced his own body into the gap with his arm outside level with the drifting ice.

An hour later the disabled ferry boat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the Captain from the wreck, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes, and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages: —

“Wuz any of them babies hurt?”

A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on. Then he went back to his work on board the *Reliance*.

In the meantime the wrecking company had presented a bill to the ferry company

for salvage, claiming that the safety of the ferry boat was due to one of the employees of the wrecking company. Payment had been refused, resulting in legal proceedings, which had already begun. The morning following this action Captain Scott was called into the president's office.

"Captain," said the official, "we're going to have some trouble getting our pay for that ferry job. Here's an affidavit for you to swear to."

The Captain took the paper to the window and read it through without a comment, then laid it back on the president's desk, picked up his hat and moved to the door.

"Did you sign it?"

"No; and I ain't a-goin' to."

"Why?"

"'Cause I ain't so durned mean as you be. Look at this arm. Do you think I'd got into that hell-hole if it hadn't been for them women cryin' and the babies a-hollerin'? And you want 'em to pay for it. If your head wasn't white, I'd mash it."

Then he walked out. The next day he answered my advertisement, and the follow-

ing week took charge of the work at Race Rock.

Another hour of corkscrewing made him remember the log of the *Reliance*, locked up in that same old trunk in the garret from which the log of the *Willetts* was taken after his death. When the old well-thumbed book was found, he perched his glasses on his nose, and began turning the leaves with his rough tholepin of a finger, stopping at every page to remoisten it, and adding a running commentary of his own over the long-forgotten records.

"Yes, — here it is," he said at last. "Knowed I hadn't forgot it. You can read it yourself; my eyes ain't so good as they wuz."

It read as follows : —

"January 30, 1870. Left Jersey City 7 A.M. Ice running heavy. Captain Scott stopped leak in ferry boat."

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

GOOD-BY

GOOD-BY, proud world ! I'm going home :
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam ;

A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam ;
But now, proud world ! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face ;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace ;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye ;
To supple Office, low and high ;
To crowded halls, to court and street ;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet ;
To those who go, and those who come ;
Good-by, proud world ! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone, —
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned ;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome ;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,

I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan ;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet ?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A SONG

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and
 bowers,
Of April, May, of June and July flowers ;
I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails,
 wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal
 cakes ;
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness ;
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris ;
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white ;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king ;
I write of hell ; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

ROBERT HERRICK.

ALTARS OF REMEMBRANCE

It is a question that we have often debated in the informal meetings of our Petrine Club : Which is pleasanter, — to fish an old stream, or a new one ?

The younger members are all for the “fresh woods and pastures new.” They speak of the delight of turning off from the highroad into some faintly marked trail ; following it blindly through the forest, not knowing how far you have to go ; hearing the voice of waters sounding through the woodland ; leaving the path impatiently and striking straight across the underbrush ; scrambling down a steep bank, pushing through a thicket of alders ; and coming out suddenly, face to face with a beautiful, strange brook. It reminds you, of course, of some old friend. It is a little like the Beaverville, or the Ausable, or the Gale River. And yet it is different. Every stream has its own character and disposition. Your new acquaintance invites you to a day of discoveries. If the water is high, you will follow it down, and

have easy fishing. If the water is low, you will go upstream, and fish "fine and far-off." Every turn in the avenue which the little river has made for you opens up a new view, — a rocky gorge where the deep pools are divided by white-footed falls; a lofty forest where the shadows are deep and the trees arch overhead; a flat, sunny stretch where the stream is spread out, and pebbly islands divide the channels, and the big fish are lurking at the sides in the sheltered corners under the bushes. From scene to scene you follow on, delighted and expectant, until the night suddenly drops its veil, and then you will be lucky if you can find your way home in the dark!

Yes, it is all very good, this exploration of new streams. But, for my part, I like still better to go back to a familiar little river, and fish or dream along the banks where I have dreamed and fished before. I know every bend and curve: the sharp turn where the water runs under the roots of the old hemlock tree; the snaky glen, where the alders stretch their arms far out across the stream; the meadow reach, where the trout

are fat and silvery, and will only rise about sunrise or sundown, unless the day is cloudy; the Naiad's Elbow, where the brook rounds itself, smooth and dimpled, to embrace a cluster of pink laurel bushes. All these I know; yes, and almost every current and eddy and backwater I know, long before I come to it. I remember where I caught the big trout the first year I came to the stream; and where I lost a bigger one. I remember the pool where there were plenty of good fish last year, and wonder whether they are there now.

Better things than these I remember: the companions with whom I have followed the stream in days long past; the rendezvous with a comrade at the place where the rustic bridge crosses the brook; the hours of sweet converse beside the friendship-fire; the meeting at twilight with my lady Graygown and the children, who have come down by the wood-road to walk home with me.

Surely it is pleasant to follow an old stream. Flowers grow along its banks which are not to be found anywhere else in the wide world. "There is rosemary, that's for re-

membrance; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts!"

One May evening, a couple of years since, I was angling in the Swiftwater, and came upon Joseph Jefferson, stretched out on a large rock in mid-stream, and casting the fly down a long pool. He had passed the threescore years and ten, but he was as eager and as happy as a boy in his fishing.

"You here!" I cried. "What good fortune brought you into these waters?"

"Ah," he answered, "I fished this brook forty-five years ago. It was in the Paradise Valley that I first thought of Rip Van Winkle. I wanted to come back again, for the sake of old times."

But what has all this to do with an open fire? I will tell you. It is at the places along the stream, where the little flames of love and friendship have been kindled in bygone days, that the past returns most vividly. These are the altars of remembrance.

It is strange how long a small fire will leave its mark. The charred sticks, the black coals, do not decay easily. If they

lie well up the bank, out of reach of the spring floods, they will stay there for years. If you have chanced to build a rough fireplace of stones from the brook, it seems almost as if it would last forever.

There is a mossy knoll beneath a great butternut tree on the Swiftwater where such a fireplace was built four years ago; and whenever I come to that place now, I lay the rod aside, and sit down for a little while by the fast-flowing water, and remember.

This is what I see: A man wading up the stream, with a creel over his shoulder, and perhaps a dozen trout in it; two little lads in gray corduroys running down the path through the woods to meet him, one carrying a frying pan and a kettle, the other with a basket of lunch on his arm. Then I see the bright flames leaping up in the fireplace, and hear the trout sizzling in the pan, and smell the appetizing odor. Now I see the lads coming back across the foot bridge that spans the stream, with a bottle of milk from the nearest farmhouse. They are laughing and teetering as they balance along the single plank. Now the table is spread on the moss.

How good the lunch tastes! Never were there such pink-fleshed trout, such crisp and savory slices of broiled bacon. Douglas, (the beloved doll that the younger lad shamefacedly brings out from the pocket of his jacket,) must certainly have some of it. And after the lunch is finished, and the birds' portion has been scattered on the moss, we creep carefully on our hands and knees to the edge of the brook, and look over the bank at the big trout that is poisoning himself in the amber water. We have tried a dozen times to catch him, but never succeeded. The next time, perhaps —

Well, the fireplace is still standing. The butternut tree spreads its broad branches above the stream. The violets and the bishop's-caps and wild anemones are sprinkled over the banks. The yellowthroat and the water thrush and the vireos still sing the same tunes in the thicket. And the elder of the two lads often comes back with me to that pleasant place and shares my fisherman's luck beside the Swiftwater.

But the younger lad?

Ah, my little Barney, you have gone to

follow a new stream, — clear as crystal, —
flowing through fields of wonderful flowers
that never fade. It is a strange river to
Teddy and me ; strange and very far away.
Some day we shall see it with you ; and you
will teach us the names of those blossoms
that do not wither. But till then, little
Barney, the other lad and I will follow the
old stream that flows by the woodland fire-
place, — your altar.

Rue grows here. Yes, there is plenty of
rue. But there is also rosemary, that's for
remembrance ! And close beside it I see a
little heart's-ease.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

THE world is too much with us ; late and
soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers :

Little we see in Nature that is ours ;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;

The winds that will be howling at all
hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping
flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather
be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE TULIP GARDEN

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk and every hedge full of nosegays, I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes that

were filled with a great variety of birds and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon everything about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton : ---

“ As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages, and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight :
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.”

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming

descriptions with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat on the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it, for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, "That he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme." How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince's, I could not conceive, and was more startled when I

heard a second affirm with great vehemence, "That if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them." He added, "That though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty." I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other generals, as the Prince of Hesse, and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, "That the Crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villars still kept his colors." At last one of them told the company, "If they would go along with him, he would show them a Chimney Sweeper and a Painted Lady, which he was sure would very much please them." The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house, was now over; and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one in their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, "If

I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could show me such a blow of tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country."

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honor.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them, with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects, varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colors as are not to be equaled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibers were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different coloring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered

the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colors of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me it was a common Fool's-coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's-coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskillful in the art that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colors were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance: he seemed a very plain, honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the Tulippo-Mania, *Τυλιππομανία*;

insomuch that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, "That he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England"; and added, "That it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cookmaid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip roots for a heap of onions, and by that means (says he) made me a dish of pottage, that cost me above £1000 sterling." He then showed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed anything the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in springtime

as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders and parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighborhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travel'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms
seen ;

Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his
demesne ;

Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and
bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken ;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

• He star'd at the Pacific — and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise —

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS.

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